THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS, AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, } EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, } NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 14.

A NATIONAL SONG.*

Air—Our Bessie."

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

God of the Free! to thee we look,
As lowliest sires in days of old,
When on thy breath involved by prayer,
Their banner for the fight unrolled.

II.

That glorious banner still is ours;
Our children like their own shall start,
When Freedom's sentinel accepts alike,
To find the tempest present heart.

III.

Their sacred homesteads still we own,
And still the wave of Plymouth rolls
The hymn of Justice, Labor, Right,
And thank Religion in our souls.

IV.

Their mighty mission was not left
By them in vain to us, to me,
Heirs of a continent, we see
Subduing mountain, vale and sea.

V.

How proudly on our march we go,
With Washington's own flag unfurled;
The blood of all the world is here,
And he who strikes us strikes the world!

VI.

Then wave thine ocean heigh, O, North!
O, South! exulting lift thy palms;
Union is bondage
Together sing the Nation's psalms.

* Written in response to Fanny Fern's suggestion: See New York Ledger, May 29.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;
OR,
PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Robert Bonner, *in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.*

CHAPTER XV.
SWORN TO THE DEATH.

At an early hour on the following day, the Indians broke up their camp and set off through the forest, leading themselves and their prisoners with the most valuable of their plunder. They had been perfectly successful in their expedition—had lost but one of their number, for which, in return, they could produce some eight or ten scalps and three prisoners—and had obtained such booty that their most sanguine expectations; so that they were now in fine spirits, and rather more merry, genial, and jocquatious than was usual with them.

After advancing some fifteen miles into the great, dark forest, they came to a halt upon the back of a parling stream, and encamped for the night—Eugene and his negro being gagged as usual, but Blanche herself being less harshly treated than before, and her fetters taken off, though so corded but that she could obtain a reasonable amount of sleep, of which she stood greatly in need.

At this camp the Indians held a sort of general council, which resulted in most of their spoil being secreted in a dense thicket in the vicinity, and the greater portion of them setting off on the following day—but whether on a new expedition, or on their return to the Ohio for the goods left behind them, the prisoners did not learn.

The renegade, however, with some eight or ten others, remained in charge of the captives; and these remained their march through the wilderness at the same time, taking a northerly direction.

This march was continued for several days, without any event occurring worthy of note—Eugene, equally with the negro Sam, enduring the hardship of being hirstly laden through the day, and being so pitchily secured at night, as only from exhausted nature to be able to obtain any rest whatever—and Ralph Hawley becoming reticturn and morose, and having little to say to anyone, but treating Blanche more mildly than she might have expected from his rough, almost brutal manner at first, and the circumstances which led him to feel so kindly toward her as the daughter of a man whom he regarded as his greatest enemy.

During all this time, Eugene and Blanche were kept separated, and not permitted to exchange a word; but on the evening of the fourth day, as Eugene chanced to pass near her, to deposit in camp the bushes which he had been compelled to carry, he took advantage of the moment, when Hawley was occupied in speaking to one of his companions, to whisper:

"Keep a stout heart, Miss Blanche! something seems to tell me I shall yet escape."

"If it be possible, for Heaven's sake, do it!" quickly whispered Blanche in reply, and then make the best of your way to my father, without any attempt to rescue me!"

This was all that the opportunity permitted them to say; and upon the consultation, if any, Eugene had built his hopes, was not apparent to his fair companion, who had discovered no eminence of care, vigilance, or watchfulness on the part of their captors. At night Eugene was as securely bound as ever, and the negro also, and nothing occurred through the long hours of darkness to give either of the parties any further hope.

The next morning, as the Indians were about to resume their hellish march, a rumor came into camp, who, from the quick and eager consultation which followed, was evidently the bearer of some important news. A sort of council of war was immediately held by the Indians, during which some spoke loudly and fiercely, and used such violent gestures as made it apparent to our friends that they regarded the intelligence as of a very serious nature. This consultation, however, lasted scarcely more than a quarter of an hour; at the end of which time some five or six of the warriors made a hurried examination of their different weapons, took a hurried leave of their companions, and at once plunged into the surrounding forest and disappeared—the runner accompanying them, seemingly in the capacity of a guide.

There were now left with the prisoners only four Indians and the renegade; and as Eugene believed he scanned the party, and considered how much greater his chances of escape were than before, he again felt his heart beat wildly with a renewal of hope.

This feeling, however, was not a little dampened by the words of Hawley; who, whether suspecting or not what was passing in his mind, now approached him, and said:

"You see our party's got thinned off a little, my worthy white friend; but they've only gone to get a few more scalps, and that's enough left to keep you safe, anyhow; and by to-morrow, or next day, I reckon we'll reach the village, when you'll have a chance to see a big time, and what whatsoever concernences may thar."

"And what do you suppose the result of that trial will be?" inquired the captive.

"Well, young man," replied Ralph, "it's my opinion as that thar will depend a good deal upon this here party that's gone makin out. If they're successful, and get a few more scalps without much trouble, it's like, as you hints done nothing very bad yourself, that they'll only make you a fajun of you; but if things don't turn out right, and they come home mad, I wouldn't give a great deal for your chances of living; and so, if you want to live, and se much of a praying man, you'd better pray to have a few more of your infernal white brothers tuk."

"Which I certainly shall not do, whatever may be the consequences!" returned Eugene.

"Well, that's just as you like," said Hawley, indifferently; "I've gin you the hint, and you can please yourself."

"And shall we reach the Indian village so soon as to-morrow?"

"To-morrow or next day, I will, will about finish as that."

As Hawley spoke, one of the Indians—a fierce-lyspoiled, half-naked savage—came stalking up; and on the renegade addressing a few words to him, he gave a sort of a grunt; and heading down to Eugene, who now lay bound on his back, he tapped him lightly, and somewhat playfully on his face, and said, in broken English:

"Good brudder—good brudder—make good turn."

Eugene felt a cold shudder pass through his frame; but by a great effort he concealed his feelings, and actually smiled in the grim face of the savage, who thereupon arose, with a kind of a laugh, and said, approvingly, as he walked away:

"Long Knife good brudder—he laugh at death."

"Yes," rejoined Hawley, with an oath, "but he'll laugh t'other way when his time comes, or I don't know for reason me!" he added, with a sneer.

Nothing further worthy of note occurred till the following night—Eugene being so closely guarded during the day as to preclude even the thought of an attempt to carry out his desire; but at night, from some cause—perhaps from the belief of his captors that they had now reached a point where escape would be impossible—he found himself less severely bound than at any time previously; and what seemed a curious coincidence, the negro, for the first time, was placed within a few feet of his, while the Indians and the renegade encamped down at a greater distance than usual, and soon apparently fell sound asleep.

But Eugene did not sleep, though pretending to; he felt that something providential was giving him the chance he had so ardently prayed for; and he fairly trembled at the thought that, if he would escape, now perhaps was the only opportunity he would ever have.

The camp was dark; the fire which had been kindled to cook the evening's meal had already gone out; gloom and silence were around him, and the great forest, with its thousands of pitfalls, and dangers—and the numerous accompanying ones, seemingly to the capacity of a smile.

Could he possibly free himself from his bonds, and steal away from the camp without awakening any of the sleepers, he might yet be free! But how could he do this? Even if he could free himself from his bonds, he could not free the negro, and he would not leave before the dawn; and is that time—urged on by hope and fear—by the desire of life and liberty—he felt that he could place many a mile between himself and his foes. His only hope lay in this. Blanche, and he almost groaned at the thought that she could not accompany him, as it was not in his power to rescue her; but he remembered her words, that he should make good his own escape and his way to her father; and in doing this, even this, he felt that he might better serve her than in any other manner. As a prisoner he could do nothing; another day might bring him to the Indian village; the next to the duke; and then all would be forfeited, and she remain a prisoner still.

Then came a new thought—a new hope! Might he not, if once free, by making his way to the nearest settlement, fall in with a party strong enough to attempt her rescue? It soon flew, what might not be done in those few hours of darkness? and how painfully the very hope quickened his pulse! Yes, all the thought made it ache, and his senses seemed to reel!

But how was he to escape? Cautiously, quietly, silently, he tried his hands; but found the right hand by bound down beneath the body, and the left so tightly bound, that he could scarcely move it, and his wrists, already sore and chafed, were not a little benefited by the change.

What chance had he of escape? And yet withal he still had hope; and he continued his efforts for more than an hour, are a feeling of despair began almost to overcome him.

At this critical time—when, under his painful and fevered, large beads of perspiration seemed to start from every pore—when the agony of his mind, and his exertion to free his last hope, became so intense that he could scarcely draw a free shrieking shout,—at the critical time, we say, he was not a little startled by the voice of the negro addressing him in a cautious whisper:

"Good brudder—good brudder!" said Duke.

"No, Duke—no—I am not asleep!" returned Eugene, in a whisper just sufficiently loud to reach the ear of his humble companion in misery.

"Den, Marse Eugene, can't we git away?"

"Good heaven! is he my wife, Duke—and what chance have we? I have tried my bonds, but cannot get them free. Hush! speak very cautiously, or our foes may hear us! What chance have we, Duke?"

"It's jist got one arm free," said Duke; "and, if de Lor' A'mighty'll just help dis poosa, I tink I'll be able to get de oder one free, too, in time."

"In Heaven's name, then," rejoined Eugene, "if it is possible for you to escape, do so at once, and try for your life; though, Duke, I cannot get away; I have tried in vain; but if you can, make the best of your way to some settlement, and report the capture of your masters; say that she is a prisoner among the savages, and, if possible, stir up a party to come to her rescue; tell them this, with great caution, it may be done; and then you may be the means of saving her, if not me!"

"But I's a parson as 'ud git lost as de fust jump, and wouldn't nobber git nowhar!" replied Duke; "and so, if you don't come along, Marse Eugene, it'll be no use for dis chile to try to do nuffin."

"Heaven knows how gladly I would join you in your escape!" replied our hero; "but I cannot. Therefore myself, that is certain, and you have no knife to aid me!"

"But I's got nuffin as was made afore Adam," said Duke; "I's got good sharp teef; and dem dar can gnaw a rope just like a rat can a board, dey can."

Merciful Heaven! the idea gives me hope!" exclaimed Eugene, in an excited manner as he remembered the knife—the immediately whispered words did not reach the ear of the sleeping guard. "Quick! quick!" he added, in a lower tone, as he suddenly became aware of his own indiscretion; "but be very, very cautious! and make not the least noise on your life!"

For a few minutes—minutes that seemed an age to our excited hero—nothing more was spoken by either; but Eugene could now and then hear a slight movement, as the other struggled with his bonds for liberty.

At length, to his great joy, he perceived a shadowy figure creeping stealthily to his side; and the next moment the voice of Duke fell upon his ear, in even more cautious whisper than before.

"Dar, Marse Eugene—dat's a-dar case, dat is; I's got yer Pat Rush 'ere a-dar, and I's done it; and now I's ready to fetch you a-dar, too."

"Oh, if you can only liberate me, Duke!" returned the young Virginian, "I will freely forgive you the blunder which got us all into this terrible fix!"

"Well, Marse Eugene, you see dat dar was a circumstance as de parson couldn't help; and de Lor' golly bobbed! what's de parson as wouldn't a believed when he was a-dewvokering?" with this Duke set to his work in earnest. Applying his sharp teeth to the cord which, passing around the neck of Eugene, secured him to the tree, he soon gnawed it asunder. Then cautiously turning him over, his teeth were next applied to the ligature which secured his arms; and so faithfully and assiduously did he labor at his task, that in less than ten minutes these were free also. There only now remained his ankles to be liberated; and another ten minutes, of the most vital excitement on the part of Eugene, beheld him free and unfettered in the camp of his sleeping enemies.

"God bless you, Duke!" he whispered, grasping the hand of his black companion, while tears actually grew dim with the emotion which stirred his bosom; and "God bless you for this!" Oh! if we could but save your mistress! if we could but save her, Duke! if we could but save her!"

"I reckon we can do nyting by dem, Marse Eugene! If we go for to stop for her, we'll just better get back into our ropes and stake with 'em for de rest!" he added, with a chuckle.

"No, Duke! right!" returned the other; "we must save ourselves if we can, as the only means of rescuing her. Farewell, Miss Blanche!" he added, mentally; "we are not to desert you, but to save you!" and taking the hand of Duke, and charging him to move as cautiously as if treading the brink of an awful abyss, he glided stealthily into the camp; and soon, with fearful success, the pair may describe, was treading the mazes of the great forest, beyond the point where the sound of his steps could reach the ears of his sleeping foes.

CHAPTER XVI.
FROM ONE PERIL TO ANOTHER.

For hours Eugene Fairfax, accompanied by his black companion, pursued his way through the forest; now ploughing into dark tangled thickets, and now gliding along the stately, open wood; now feeling a sluggish creek, or running stream, and now climbing an uneven, rocky hill; now crossing a patch of grassy prairie, and now clambering over wind-fallen timber; but on, still on, for hours and hours—hoping and praying that his course might lead him to a point of safety, afar from his foes—but trembling at every sound, and at the fearful thought that every step might be taking him so much nearer to some village of his savage enemies.

At last, ascending a high, steep, conical elevation—the highest point of a long ridge, from where it rocky apex the eye had a clear sweep over the dark forest, which stretched away below in the dim light like a mighty sea—he came to a pause; and after taking in the broad scene with a quick, eager glance, he looked up at the clear, blue dome of heaven, with its thousands of glimmering stars, and silently sent up a prayer to the Great Unseen, for the guidance and protection of himself and companion, and the speedy deliverance of her whom fate had compelled him to leave in the hands of cruel and merciless men.

"Who knows," he said, in a low, musing tone, speaking rather to himself than his companion, as he again permitted his eye to roam over the gloomy expanse; "who knows whither our steps are tending, and what will be the end? How far, Duke, do you suppose we have come since quitting the camp?" he inquired, turning to the black.

"Dosn't know, Marse Eugene; but I's 'spect 'twas ten miles—maybe more—maybe not," he added, "I hope the two pet together, at least!" returned the other. "Hark! what direction I find by what troubles me now: for I cannot determine whether we have traveled north or south, east or west—and yet it is all important to our safety."

"Well, all dis passon knows, Marse Eugene, is dat we come up de kere hill on dis far side," said Duke, "if you knows which way dat is, don't 'spect you can easy tell which way we've come."

"Well, whichever way we go now," observed the young Virginian, "we must take some means of concealing our trail—for undoubtedly we shall be followed as soon as it becomes light enough to see distinctly; and, worse than all, without even food to give us strength, we might soon be overtaken—when, without weapons, all further escape would be easy and certain."

"But, Marse Eugene, how's we gwine to 'void de trail? We hasn't got no wings to fly, and can't get to some down on de ground at every step."

"There are more ways than life in your simple brain, Duke," rejoined Eugene, still looking in eyes ranging over the gloomy scene below him. "If favored by the last we're all, I should have little to trouble me now, for that can be done by walking down the bed of a stream."

"Oh, yes, Marse Eugene—dat's a-dar case—I's 'member now," exclaimed the black, with a chuckle; and arter we's gone a little dis-a-way, we can turn to de bottom-a-course, and den, if de Injuns come, and dar isn't more'n six on dem, we'll just jump on 'em, take dar arms and scalps, and den we can take all de tings we want, and just go on again all right."

"Much such foolish talk, Duke!" said Eugene, sternly. "You know there is not a greater coward in the country than myself; and as for scalping on an Indian, you would be the first to drop down and faint at the sight."

"Yes, Marse Eugene, 'spect you has some right in my cas', but I 'spects I's got more pluck in me; and dat 'ar was a-fur case—I's wasn't 'quainted with de wagine den, I 'fess; but now as I's knows 'em better, I's isn't so 'feard."

"Well, we will see. I hope, for the honor of my race, you will prove a brave fellow, and a good friend for something."

"Didn't I gnaw off de rope, Marse Eugene?"

"That is true, Duke—I had almost forgotten that. I believe I promised to be your friend for dat very act; and so let bygone go, and the future speak for itself. Come, we must not daily here. Let us turn into the bed of the stream, and I think we shall find a stream of some kind; though, for us to cross it, or not, is a matter of small moment, by taking a different course to it, we may thus prevent the foe from finding our trail, they attempt to trace us. Ha! a new thought strikes me!" added our hero, with sudden animation. "Duke, have you had a bath of late?"

"Not for a heben!" From the little geographical knowledge I have of the country, and judging from the course we have come, the Ohio river must all lead to the Ohio; and by following one stream downward, we may reach some of the boat of that river; and then our escape, if not too much exhausted by hunger and fatigue, may be comparatively easy. Come, let us forward again, with what speed we may! for only a few hours at most can we run without food or rest!"

With this Eugene set forward, and was in the act of descending the hill, when a sudden cry of his escort, when a sudden exclamation of the negro, caused him to turn quickly, and he saw Duke prostrate and stretched his stage.

"What is it?" he asked, in a low, quick tone, but in a low, cautious, eager tone, turning to the black.

"De Lor' golly bobbers!" he stopped back to the black and followed the direction in which his finger pointed. "What! not a snake? Yes it now?" he quickly added, seizing the arm of Duke, who remained prostrate on the ground, and looking with a keen sense of danger. "It is no snake, but the light of a fire glimmering through the bushes, and surrounded perhaps by a band of foes!"

"Den I's reckon, Marse Eugene, we'd 'tter run back—we very fearful fast!" said Duke, whose fear-dost courage was beginning to cool rapidly under the idea of immediate danger.

"It is a camp fire, without doubt," said Eugene, as one thinking aloud; "but it may not be an Indian camp-fire all that. In fact, on second thought, it appears as likely to be the camp of men of my own race: in which case, to run from it would be to fly from deliverance into new perils. And then again, it may only be a wild-fire-thing! At all events, I think it becomes me to make a careful reconnoissance. But I must go alone, Duke; for

with all your courage, and smartness, and sharpness of teeth, I would not like to place my life again where one of your blunders might jeopard me in it."

"Golly bobbery!" returned the black, in a tremendous loss: "what'll become ob dis yere, Marse Eugene, while you's away? and den whahsomever if you gine tole?"

"Sit down on this rock here, remain perfectly quiet, and I will soon return to you."

"But is if you can, Marse Eugene; but I's almost sho you can't; for fishes don't like signals, and I 'spect it's dat odder critter what you just tole about."

"What other creature?"

"Dem's 'nonsense' what you's call it; but I knows from de sense it's stiffin deffil."

"What! the wild-cat-thing, you mean?"

"Yes, dat's him—he wild-cat-thing. I 'spect he's twice as big as two 'possums in, isn't he?"

"Pshaw!" returned Eugene, impatiently; "it's down and do as I tell you, and remain here till I come back, if you have any desire to escape from the savages and not be burnt as the stake! The wild-cat-thing is nothing but a swamp fight; and, under light, I am almost certain, proceeds from a fire; but whether kindled by friend or foe, is what I can guite to ascertain. You see the boat skeered, and do not venture away from here, or you will certainly get lost. I shall inspect the place with great caution; and if I find it to be the camp of Indians, I will be cautiously return, and we will again set off and fly for our lives; but should it prove to be a camp of white men, I shall return to you, and we will both then have occasion to rejoice in our comparative deliverance."

This was further remarks of a similar nature, intended to make the black cautious and cheer him with the hope of escape; concluding with, that as a promise that he would quietly remain where he was until he should hear from him again, he was certain, through the triumphant yells of his foe, that he had again been seized by a ferocious Negro, turned away from his timid companion, to set off upon an exploration, which, notwithstanding the encouragement he had used to the contrary, he considered in the highest degree perilous.

Nothing to the only point where the light could be clearly seen from the elevation, he slowly ascended it for a few minutes, and carefully laid his direction with his eye, so that he might not miss the point at which his silent canoe he should resume to plunge into the gloomy depths of the dark forest before. Then resting himself on his oar, he descended slowly, and carefully grasped his way to the more level wood.

As he had conjectured, from the dim outline of the country which he had been able to perceive from the rocky summit of the hill, that a small stream wound through the valley; and by observing its course, he felt assured that it must be found in the proper direction from the camp of his enemies to reach his own. Crossing the stream below him, which was here shallow and easily forded, he continued on through a thick, heavy wood, with but here a there small openings, so as to keep the line he had laid with his eye as his judgment could determine.

From only one point, and that the one already mentioned, had he been able to catch a view of the distance to be could not very correctly judge, owing to the darkness of the night; but that he did not exceed a half a mile, yet it might be further or nearer, and therefore he proceeded with great caution, feeling that, in this adventure, even more than his life might be at stake.

Ere long, and even there where that paused away; and he was in the act of carefully parting the leaves of a thicket, when a strange, wild, distant, but apparently distant sound, suddenly startled and brought him to a standstill. He listened for a few moments, and found the sound repeated; and then, convinced that it was from the direction of the camp, he stood motionless with his head bent forward, and his ear turned to assist him it was the howl of a couple of wolves, calling and answering each other from distant points. He remembered that he was without weapons, and felt not a little uneasy for himself, but still more for the effect the night produce upon the poor black who would probably be frightened beyond propriety by sounds which he never heard, and which set into the distant yells of his human foe. In view of this fog found himself compelled to turn back; but his desire of knowing whether diversance or danger lay before him, was second to his interest, and he still continued on, with what feelings we leave the reader to imagine.

But scarcely failing to, when looking so cautiously about him as the darkness would permit, with his arms of bending readiness for acute by his fears, he advanced some two or three hundred yards further—the dismal sound of wolves—when paused, but apparently coming no nearer—when paused, but apparently coming no nearer—when his eyes once more fell upon the light faintly glimmering through the trees of the thicket, which now, for perhaps some fifty yards, lay between him and the camp he was seeking. He paused for several cautiously then ever he still advanced, taking care that each foot should be so placed that no one step should be so placed, as not to create the sound of a broken twig or limb; and thus at length he reached a position where he was enabled to see distinctly over the whole spot lighted by the fire.

With deep chagrin, we might almost say horror, he discovered that the camp was deserted by the white but the savages; some six or eight of whose dusky, nearly naked, forms appeared there were stretched around the fire, and all or whom were apparently asleep. With a sort of desperate resolution, he, instead of instantly returning, stood for some moments, silently gazing upon the disheartening scene before him. He knew that there was know that the least sound might rouse them to his destruction; and yet, almost spell-bound, he continued to gaze upon them, or one might gaze upon a many still, plunging his countenance so to himself the while if there were a portion of the same body which had first made its appearance—the same party, in fact, which had breathed off from from from whom he had escaped.

This he could not determine; their position was such that he could not clearly perceive the features of any; and even if whatever, in the darkness, he would be able to recognize any of them, owing to the hue of the smears of which their faces were painted—for though no two were exactly alike, yet there was a certain force resemblance of each to the other, which made it once difficult for him to perfectly familiar with each individual, to decide upon his individual identity, than upon the white to which he belonged. That they were at least of the same tribe which had killed several of his companions, and made him a prisoner, and still held in their rude grasp the being of his adventure, he was almost certain; and as he now stood with his eye riveted upon their hideous forms, a strange feeling of revenge seemed to take possession of his heart; and though not naturally vindictive, he felt he could have rejoiced in the utmost fiend-like excitement of putting them to death where they slept.

While thus standing, looking and considering, and fairly trembling at the thought of his own temerity, he eye chanced to fall upon a stack of rifles at the outer edge of the opposite side of the camp from where he stood. As was sometimes the custom with the Indians, when on a hunting or slight excursion, they had placed their fire-arms together here, leaving their bows and arrows in the crotch of a small sapling. In such a manner that they could easily be grasped at a moment's warning; and Eugene further observed that some two or three had also hung their powder-horns and bullet-pouches with them. The possess himself of one of these rifles now became his greatest desire; and with the desire he instantly comprehended the peril of the attempt; but he remembered how great was the danger of traversing the forest without a single weapon of offence or defence; the idea of perishing by hunger, forever of no means of procuring food, even if not assailed by seen or beast, also vividly rose before his mind; and he almost immediately determined to risk his safety still further, in the fearful endeavor to make one of them at least his prize.

Could it be done? The very thought—the very hope—with the momentary excitement which it roused upon its success or failure—caused him to tremble like an aspen. Could he do it? He looked at the sleeping warriors—over whose dusky, grim, and nearly naked forms the flickering fire flame is time from time rifled, giving an appearance of motion to their limbs, and a horrible expression to their countenances, and shuddered and felt for the moment there was certain death in the trial. Yet a moment's reflection told him that was but seeming—that this apparent motion was simply the effect of the flame, and consequently that the figures of the weary warriors remained passively quiet, in a death-like slumber—and so he resolved upon the fearful trial.

Stealthily and breathlessly drawing back from the position which he had taken, he crept around the camp, as silently as a spirit. Then laying himself upon the ground, he crept slowly, and as noiselessly forward, still as length his trembling heart would allow, and as carefully disappeared, as a serpent of the ponder, and near a pouch of bullets. Emboldened by his success, he now proceeded to his feet; and taking up a rifle in each hand, as his foes, he turned away to steal back into the dark wood and return to his boat. Being still, however, cautious that before, he placed his feet somewhat carelessly upon the ground, that his course would leave it, if spread upon a decaying stick, which snapped under his weight.

Instantly one of the warriors, lying nearest to the cautiously-retreating, started up into a sitting posture; and casting his eyes all over him, he at once uttered a wild yell of alarm. The next moment the whole camp was in confusion, and as Eugene fled for his life to the nearest thicket, he heard the first yell echoed and repeated by the other throats, followed by a random discharge of fire-arms, and the rushing forward of his foes in eager pursuit.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR VOYAGE AND ADVENTURE.

How much of the good or evil of our lives results from the deliberate or impulsive action of ourselves or from circumstances over which we cannot ever wield, we have no means of determining. Man is a creature being to say. Great and momentous events sometimes fall in the most unexpected ways, while we, as the chief mainten apparently of the most trivial import sometimes cause a divergence which we can never hereafter be totally different from the promise of the beginning. Scarcely an hour passed by, but we see beyond beyond the feeling present—unable to draw aside the great veil of the future for a single moment—yet we are hourly controlling only with the wisdom of one who treads a difficult and dangerous path without the power to see immediately and hence our most hopeful attempts sometimes end in the most painful failure, and our most fearful dangerous advancement sometimes brings us unexpectedly to the very height of our wishes and desires.

Eugene, as we have seen, fled swiftly to the nearest thicket, with the instinctive feeling of the moment, that his only hope on with all the speed in his power.

That he had been permitted to accomplish his design, he would quickly have found himself in the grasp of his pursuing and yelling enemies, but for a ball in the heads of the players, which is knocked down and stunned the greatest number of them, and left or the rest blow may send it, as we be in the hands of Eugene. Of his, in fact, he was under a constant apparent safety, he had often discovered himself running along the verge of danger; while, in his memories of present apparent safety, he had as often seen the star of hope rising and going before him in a premise of deliverance.

Had he, as we have said, been able to accomplish his first design—had he not come within the hands of his swifter-footed foe; but as he was stretching every nerve to reach the shelter of the thicket, he came suddenly against an old decaying log, fell over it, and rolled down into a small ravine, which was almost filled with the dead and broken quickly enveloped him.

The first deep, mental groan of our hero, at the thought that he was lost, was soon changed into a feeling of gratitude, when he found that he was not put him in hot pursuit—one of the party, in fact, even bounding over the very log which had so suddenly checked his own career, and disappeared for or three feet of where he now lay. On they went, yelling and yelling, and apparently searching with in different directions, the appalling sounds they uttered growing each moment more distant from the object of their search, who felt every nerve quiver, as he remembered how near they had been to discovering him. Soon certain death or worse, and he considered the chances which fortune had thus given him of escape, as almost equal to their reach.

That they would not continue the pursuit outward from their camp much further, he believed; that they would soon return, himself to the camp through the thicket, was the supposition that he was concealed near them, was reasonable to suppose; and in view of these startling conjectures, what was to be done? Would it be safer for him to remain where he was and risk a search, or again betake himself to flight in an opposite direction?

The latter was the most congenial to his feelings; the danger experienced under the excitement of action, is nothing to compare in the trial of the nerves to danger experienced under the pressure of utter and tedious waiting; and so, cautiously getting himself upon his feet, he climbed his ride with a nervous grasp, feeling that he at least had a friend in that which was not his a few minutes before. Then gliding stealthily from the thicket, he passed the camp a few paces to the left of where he had first come upon it, and was soon darting into the forest on the open wood, in a direction due site to the course taken by his pursuers.

Continuing straight on in this direction for some half a mile, he then bore away to the left a mile further; and thus, in a long, round-about manner, came back to the hill where he had left the negro, the summit of which he regained in safety some two hours after quitting it.

But the time which had thus been lost, Eugene had had the greatest reason to regret, for it brought him so much nearer the dawn, which was fast (distant); and the first light of day would show two distinct parties on his trail, both of whom he had been so fear might set out in pursuit of him; and so every moment unemployed in increasing the distance between himself and the two Indian camps, he now most keenly felt was just so much taken from his chances of life.

His first care, on returning to promise, for his black companion—and had just reach valuable the summit of the mountain when the sun appeared; while a goodly distance upon his second flight—and that time was far more than he had returned! Duke was not where he had left him: he had looked in the direction of the Indians, and fled to new dangers in his search for safety. It was folly to think of seeking for him in the darkness, and he was about might betray his own position to the enemy. And yet to leave him to his fate was to feel himself a coward and a traitor. In attempt at finding him, was a thought repugnant to his noble nature, and he rejected it.

He considered for a few moments—took in with his eye, from where he could see, the site of the—and then ventured to pronounce the name of Duke aloud; but the echo of his own voice, which was quickly about over the rocks the while, and elevated his voice at every repeated call, until the last call he uttered was almost a shout.

All so far appeared to be of no avail; and Eugene was about turning to set out in search of his lost to the great forest alone, when he decided to hazard one more effort. Raising his voice, as did, the manly nature of Duke—and that, under the circumstances, he might be so frightened as not to recognize him as a familiar voice—he ventured again, at what compass he could, to pronounce the name of his absent friend.

"Who-who-who's dar?" said a quivering, supplicating voice, apparently from the very bowels of the earth.

"Duke are you, Duke? Quick! speak! where are you?" returned Eugene, in a deep, earnest and low tone of voice.

"Da-de-dat you, Marse Eugene?"

"Yes, it is me, unfaithful negro. Come, Duke quick—quick! come forth from your hiding-place, wherever it may be!—there is danger here—I am pursued!"

"Golly brobbem!" still the voice of Duke, speaking in a tone of terror, as though he was not yet sure it was his friend; "golly brobbem! I's dreffel glad to see you again, Marse Eugene! I's dreffel glad to see you again, for I's dreffel 'fraid you'd be cotched! I's dreffel 'fraid dat's de last you see of me! I's dreffel 'fraid dey'd kill you, Marse Eugene!"

"Where are you?" we shall have the Indians upon us, sure enough! and if they have not heard my voice and will be unable to see me in the dark, we will be killing you. It is no doubt to me that we will remain there as deaf as a post! Come, follow me, and be sure to step in the footsteps of your master, especially in the dry leaves!"

"Golly Eugene set off down the hill on the side of his first scent—the particular elevation which he had descended—and, following on the ridge that divided two streams which united their waters some miles below. Directing his course in this manner, he soon entered the camp of the renegade, he entered it quietly, followed by Duke, and pitched his tent where he deemed it the safest. The next morning warned him that the time was at hand when he must again set out on his travels, and more particularly in the direction of the Indian camp, for only some five or six miles intervened between the position which he then occupied and the river which he was to cross.

"Come, Duke," he said, addressing the black, as one sometimes does an inferior—more in the way of giving expression to his thoughts than any thing else—"we must be off. Where—Duke any plan, dat is."

"The best one, you mean?" returned Eugene, with an involuntary smile; "for the first one, you know, consisted in hiding ourselves in a thicket, and the latter in flight. Which, then, is the best one?"

"Well, neither are them more than two."

"Come one, Marse Eugene—a passon oh my brown—I 'spect I can't tell irresponsible; their one greatest—but, golly brobbem! if I didn't hear dem 'possums in de bushes, I'd tell you."

"I believe you, Duke," rejoined Eugene, as he stepped from the fire, and walked a few paces up the ridge to the right, from whose summit he hoped to obtain a view of the surrounding country.

On reaching the brow of the acclivity, however, but little was to be perceived, it not being sufficiently light; but he could see enough to enable him to see to any considerable distance.

After debating with himself for a few minutes as to the course he should pursue, he decided to quit the stream altogether, and continue on with what speed he could through the thick wood, take to the water again at the point where he was compelled to leave it, and thus avoid the appearance of the dancing light, a motherly direction.

This was his fixed resolution at night, and also the first thing in the morning, when he was about to set out on his journey.

"Come, Duke," he said, addressing the black, "

of soon welcoming her to their midst, and with drawing her forever from the unrecognized home in which she now lived.

Days, weeks, months flew away, borne on wings of joy. On Amy's eighteenth birth-day the marriage was to take place. Her mother had objected for this delay, and Amy consented, and Rupert curbed his impatience, ready, as he was, to please her in all things. Meanwhile the lovers were scarcely separated for a day, and home was bounds to their happiness.

In the midst of this bright dream of love, a great religious meeting was held in the neighborhood. A wonderful revivalist of religious zeal had been sweeping over the State. A band of self-devoted itinerant preachers were going about, from place to place, in imitation of the apostles, taking no heed of worldly things, but giving time, and thought, and labor to the great cause they had espoused. Convicted by their eloquence, warned by their exhortations, or touched by their denunciations, hundreds of those whom curiosity or worldlier motives brought to their meetings, confessed the power of the doctrines and promises they preached, accepted the terms they offered, and professed themselves believers. And so, their power and influence daily increasing, they traversed the State, gaining neophytes and converts at every step.

It was this band which had come to hold a woods' meeting at the distance of a few miles from Summer Hill. Thither Rupert accompanied his sisters and Amy, anxious only for the novelty of witnessing such a gathering, and the excitement of a day spent in riding through the forest, and in the strange scenes of the meeting.

Soon after they arrived upon the ground, Rupert's light and unthinking manner apparently attracted the notice of the leader of the band, who sent yet in the strength of middle age, with an earnest face, full of deep and kindly thought, but on which, nevertheless, the handiwork of his strange creed and strong life had stamped its unmistakable will impress.

Rupert felt under this man's influence, how there is not here space to tell. Suffice it to say that to his impressible mind, and to the young, and already subject to the powerful magnetism of the prevailing religious fervor, it was irresistible.

All day long without space, or sense of weariness, the minister's host, he wrestling in mighty prayer for the salvation of His soul, which he claimed of God as a peculiar seal of his ministry, a trophy of his Gospel's victories over the principalities of darkness. At night Rupert refused to return home, and his sisters and Amy were accommodated with such rude lodging as a tent afforded.

Before the following evening he had made his public profession, and, with shouts of rapture from the assembled multitude, had been received into the visible church with their sympathies. Also he had become accompanied his sisters and Amy home, but only to return and join himself to the band of preachers.

For weeks he followed them in their wanderings. His eloquence drew thousands of hearers in his train. His fervid zeal caught his vast multitudes, till, as one man, they shouted forth their joy, melted into penitential tears, or trembled with the agonies of humiliation, the size which his wrestling word revealed to the light of their awakened conscience.

And when, at length, the band separated, Rupert sought and obtained the position of a circuit preacher, and devoted himself to the work he had adopted. And now Interwale he returned to his home, but from the time he had professed his adherence to the itinerant band, Richard Sawyer had forbidden him the entrance of his house. Their creed was widely opposed to his own, and he had his neighbor Gaines, that none who professed it should find admittance in his house; and as it was then that the whole affair was a youthful freak of Rupert's, he would not, as yet, make any positive breach of marriage. So Amy always spent the days of Rupert's visits at Summer Hill.

But when Rupert announced his intention of devoting his life to the itinerant preacher, and withdrawal the lovely occupation of a circuit-rider, and above all, when he announced the adversary of the abhorred creed of his sister Amy's father, Sawyer's anger burst forth. No daughter of his should link her fate with the adherent of an abominable heresy, he vowed; and sternly forbidding all future intercourse at Summer Hill, he sent his eldest child ever again to think of Rupert Gaines, as lover or husband.

Amy yielded, for her life had been one of unquestioning obedience, to the spoken commands of her father. She gave up her sweet hopes, but her love was not a thing to be conquered by a word. She could part it in the silence of her own heart, but it dwelt there immortal.

With Rupert the outward struggle was more violent. Love and duty made war in his soul; but the martyr-spirit triumphed. He devoted his life to Christ, to him henceforth worldly loves and worldly hates must have but slight significance. Amy's heart was his, and if they met no more on earth, in Heaven they were sure of a reunion that should last through eternity. And so, writing her a little note, exhorting her to wait patiently, as he would do, until her father relented, or, if he did not, to see all through this little life, he went on his way, and but not down, grieved, but yet rejoicing in the full triumph of his faith.

His bond Amy devotedly, but the cause he had embraced lay very near his heart. His sickness left his left very little time for thought, and none for repining. Believing that he was under the burden upon the mightiest arm, he went on his way in cheerful hope and patience.

No tao Amy; in the home, now so cheerless and ungenial, dwelt one whose love could not die, but she pined during weary months. As time wore on, and no tidings came from her lover, and she was still shut out from all intercourse with her friends at Summer Hill, she faded gradually, as hope died out. It was long before her sister Jane could penetrate, sheathed by their hereby cares and their modes of gain, discerned the fatal disease which possessed her sister. But when it was done, she would permit no delay. Without consulting her father, she sent for the most eminent physician in the neighborhood, and, with trembling anxiety, awaited his arrival.

Then the eyes of the sorrowing parents were opened. They realized, then, the tender nature of their child, and saw how ruthlessly they had crushed it beneath the load of an iron heart. Her friends at Summer Hill were hastily summoned to her bedside, and a search messenger sent to find the absent lover; that he might come, once more to look upon her in life.

So swift was the progress of disease, that though the messenger, with inflexible pains, sought for itinerant in his wide circuit, and within two weeks from his departure brought him to the door, the hand of death was already laid upon the beautiful form of Amy. She lived still, and her soft eyes fixed themselves in mournful gaze upon Rupert's face, as he rushed into the room. He knelt beside her and raised her head to his bosom. A few murmured words passed between them, then she turned strangely met. Then she turned her cheek softly until it rested against his own, and lay in silence.

Presently the cheek grew chill, the clasp of the wasted hand relaxed, and Rupert softly laid back upon its pillow the form of his dead betrothed. It was not until the day of her death was to be spent the coffin, that they remembered that she had died upon her eighteenth birth-day—the day that was to have seen her the wife of Rupert Gaines.

Through the long years that have unsparingly melted by this terrible affliction. Far from looking upon himself as the destroyer, he pitied and deeply sighed upon the head of the young minister; and though he never saw his face more, he soon felt the funeral services of the last Amy were over. Beneath that roof Richard Sawyer and his wife still dwelt, and there they shall till their wealth has no power to soothe.

But Rupert Gaines went forth again upon his mission. For him, so exalted by the power of his religious faith, no earthly affection could depress. Life, to him, is but a warfare, victory comes only with death; and in heaven there will be peace, and triumph, and reunion. And so he goes on his course cheerfully toiling in his great work, and patiently awaiting his reward.

GOD'S MERCY HAS NOT FLED.

BY FIDLEY JOHNSON.

Believe not those who say the age
Of miracles has fled;
That science hath beneath its cage
All wonders prisoned.
For deep, mysterious, wondrous things
Are passing ever on,
As when the Saviour sat and taught
Upon the mountain side,
And the clear sky of purest blue
Is still above us spread,
And cold and cheerless as the dew
His mercy hath not fled.

The earth is still a glorious thing,
The flowers just as fair
As when from Adam's hidden nooks
They perfumed all the air;
And night's vast dome, and earth's own gift,
Unto a sinful world,
Hath visible to the fair and adult,
And to its pleasure yield;
And as the Saviour's mercy sanks
Not deeper in the sea,
God's mighty hand is outstretched yet—
His mercy hath not fled.

We read within the book of life,
A holy record kept,
Unto a troubled past, as lead
The history of the world;
So every new upon life's stream,
On every rolling wave,
Comes gently down Religion's friends
In sacredness and peace,
And all the good we do, receive
Their blessing and increase;
And that God sees and numbers still
His mercy hath not fled.

Religion rests in morning ill
And evening's holy calm,
And it can turn the pallor's paling
To nourishment and food;
And breath in the dying nostrils
Is impressions given,
And wreath on pallid brows
With kindred seeds in heaven.
Then, mortal, doubt not, nor despair,
Hope's babes have not fled,
This world is full of beauty still—
God's mercy is not dead.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A party of us were gathered about the fire in the sitting-room of one of our Down-East hotels, when the conversation turned upon the subject of special providences. Soon were for, and some against, the theory, when a tall man named Asaph Bithnell, who had come in the stage with us, and who had listened to the discussion for some time, seemed to be much interested. He remained silent until the subject had been pretty thoroughly discussed, and the interest appeared to flag, and then he spoke. He said he should like to relate a little circumstance which his own history, if he were all anxious to hear from him, and a respectful silence ensued.

"I don't want to argue any upon this subject," he commenced; "but I have had some experience which may be worth relating, even though none of you are influenced thereby in your belief in the question under discussion. When quite young I lost my parents, and in a few years afterward I went to sea, which occupation I followed for what I was two-and-twenty. Then I got married, and left the ocean, and settled down in a country town—a boy—and when he was four years of age, his mother died. I could not, therefore, bring myself to live with one of my cousins. My child, whom I shall call Joseph, was a remarkably healthy one for a boy, and I lived him with all my strength, and, as he grew up, he returned all my love. When he was boy was twelve years of age I failed in business, and came out penniless. A friend offered me the berth of mate on board a coaster, and as I could see no other means of support, I accepted it. It was hard work to make up my mind to leave my child, but I was young, and as well as man, wanted to demand it, and I finally concluded to do so. I left him with my cousin, promising to pay for his keeping on my return.

"I was gone one year, and when I came back I found my boy grown considerably larger, and very intelligent, but I was glad to see that he was quite well by my cousin. However, Bathe said he would remain where he was until I returned from my next voyage, and then he hoped to go to sea with me. I was gone on that voyage about eighteen months, and when I again returned, I found my child missing. He had run away. My cousin said he had been idle with his own children, and as the neighbors seemed me that he had been abused, and that he had fled from absolute necessity.

"I may simply say here that every feeling of love my soul could possess was centered upon that boy, but I cannot tell you how heartily this blow fell upon my heart. I made up my mind that I never forget him—that I never ceased to love my child, and that my chiefest hope was still centered in him. I searched for him, but I had no clue by channel that was open to me, but without effect, and my old vessel was then ready for sea on the ocean.

"I made one more voyage, and then I was offered the command of a ship. I accepted the offer, and made arrangements for taking possession of my new post. Three days before the ship sailed, I fell through the hatchway of a store-house, and broke my leg. I was carried to the hospital, and a new captain took my place. Of course I bemoaned my ill luck, and I wondered why such ill luck had befallen me. In one week news was brought to me that the ship had gone down, and that all hands were lost. She had proved totally unfit for sea, else she could not have sunk so she did. My regrets were now changed to thanks, and I bore my confinement without further murmuring.

"When I was strong once more my employers gave me a ship, and I made two successful voyages in her. The third voyage was to the Pacific. I had a new crew, and after we had doubled Cape Horn, I began to fear that a mutiny was on foot. It was not long, however, before I was convinced that I was not only the fact, but that I had some dangerous men on board. I could see the whole and hear the mutterings, but I could not fathom the secret of my misfortune. I had worked until I became assured that the secret had died out, and was safe on board, he placed his hand upon my head. One night, while we were off the Azores, I was awakened by a man keeping my room's watch, and that I had crawled into the long-boat to get out of the way of the rain. While down there he heard the crew of my men and sat down close by me, and commenced to converse upon the subject of murdering their officers, and taking the ship. The names of them were Jones, Cummings and McDermott. They were ill-tinged fellows, and I had suspected them from the first. I could hear every word they spoke, and my heart beat painfully as they laid their plans. They were to kill me first, and then the officers when the ship was theirs. On the third night from that time we were to be ready. We in the cabin were to be cut down first, and then four of the men, whom they had tried and found to be true.

"I started up from my cozy. My heart was beating quickly, and a cold sweat was upon my brow. The man still dozed in my room, and it was some moments ere I could realize that I was in my own berth. When I had fairly collected my senses, I thought that I would go on deck, but a sort of instinctive impulse I walked forward. It was an hour past midnight, and the moon was just rising. I saw three men sitting upon the heel of a spare topmast, and I knew that two of the three men sitting in my dream—and as I came near I found that it was so—and McDermott—before—spoken by one of the number, and then they stood up and went to the forecastle. I saw who they were—Jones, Cummings and McDermott—the trio of my dream!

"On the following morning I felt so impressed with the importance of my midnight vision, that I resolved in my mind that I would believe that I had discovered the secret and the direction of the mutiny, but I kept my own counsel. I gained the knowledge. Three of the men, whom I have I could know, were going to desire to help me. After dinner I stationed two of my officers at a favorable point in the cabin, armed with cords and knives, and then I went on deck. I told the first Mate that I wished to see him. He came down, and as he did so I struck at once a log with a throws over his head, and he was thrown down, and bound with small twine and cords, which I possessed little multiplies of all kinds! The two officers and people will backlike one another to say extract rather than I can be assumed. My strong is this desire for something to go on that I have not mentioned to the principal point. Otherwise ill-natured, are pleased with the mistress of the ship, engineer, solely because I give something to think of, something to talk about. Then I have the principal point. Otherwise ill-natured, are connected in the subfortune wish her is!

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1856.

ONE COPY THREE—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5; four copies, $8, and one extra $2. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will receive a ninth copy gratis, for his trouble in getting up the club. No subscriptions taken for less than one year. Canada subscribers must add twenty cents per annum in addition to the subscription, to pay the United States postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The terms of all single copies may be found on a par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

ALL LETTERS containing remittances, or relating to any way relating to either the editorial or business departments of the paper, must be addressed to ROBERT BONNER, New York. When letters differ, in any respect, from this, we will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when payment subscribe to any agent. Always send your money in drafts, when subscribe to any agent. Always send your money in drafts, when such can be procured, or in the name of the Post-office, County, and State, in which you wish the paper sent.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such, please not put him down as authorized.

STOP!

A little word, of familiar sound and use, sometimes most suggestive, and often startling. Ordinarily, it is a call to a pause, a halt, to stand still, to hold on—a signal for cessation and rest—but it has larger meaning when it is used in the sense of warning, rebuking a wild career, an evil purpose, a vicious practice. Welcome as the sound of found prize and wedding bells, when the lover calls it to the maiden of his heart, when the school-boy hears it announcing him from marrying studies to the play-ground, when the toiler catches its message from the fold and the barn, and the tired wife hears its spoke in the fortune and the hammer upon the wall. But child stops by the way, and he plucks a flower, to chase a butterfly, to cast a pebble into the nearest brook; the play-ground is deserted, and by at the lazy loveliness that trips in rosy pathos, manhood stops, sometimes from ways of error, idly efficient in the midst of noble purposes, faltering backward with a coward's heart.

By the grave-stone we all pause, and surely the hour cometh, and is not afar off, when before our feet and under we shall all stop—stop in and from all our busy ways, our malaises of vanity and misfortune, our frenzies and waywardness, our strifes, our enmities—our all of earth. Sudden as thought, when "the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the fountain," we shall stop! beyond the boundaries of time, beyond the chances of consideration, beyond the power of recall. In whatever we have grown, and done beyond the right, in that hour we must lie down and abide by our going and doing, and the master of life, the closest friend and—shall we say Giver, will thereafter be our Judge.

O, in the midst of life let us for a moment, then, thoughtfully stop—stop and consider if all our ways and deeds be just and right, consider if our purchase be under Wisdom's curb and control, if our talents be put to the best account, if our advantages be all improved, and our blessings all acknowledged. Let us stop and see if there is enough to repent of, to repair, to cast out, to renew. Stop thoughtlessness, (child,) thy hand, O, gunsmoker and wine-quaffer! thy tongue, O, blasphemer! thy creed, O, man of gold! thy baleful, O, dandizer! thy pride, and bigotry and hypocrisy, O, backers! of whatever caste and class that are. Stop, now, while remedy and benefit are at hand—while we can thus host the power to set thus own record right. Incalculable the evidences and results that might be averted by obeying that little word, Stop!

BOND-SOVEREIGNTY.

How obscure must be the sovereignty, which, marked by a crown, proclaims its power—how far from accessible with the masses of mankind. The regal idea is a caged man, bound by a narrow circle of etiquette to reside in the gilded prison. That association and converse with men of all conditions which inform and enlarge the poet, the philosopher and the sage, and which is essential to a just appreciation of man, is denied to the wearer of a crown. He must sit amid the chatter of court fools and parasites, with the beautiful every-day world as full of novelty and romance, forever shut from his observation. How much nobler the position of the republican sovereign, whose crown is that his liberty to walk abroad, a peer among his fellowmen—than whom, none by right or intellect is greater. Such a one must be more patriotic. The former, we have seen dragged from fallen thrones amid the mere scrambles of military; the latter, ere his throne permanent on the endurance of the intelligence of the race was much not bestable long, were he called to choose between those two contingencies—the one encouraging the worst passions of the meanest of knaves and sycophants, and the other giving the earth's boundaries for many a year.

SLANG.

Slang is not only offensive, it is disgusting to every noble and considerate mind. Its speech, God has given us our highest gift, and slang in our every language is made the more valuable of pure and good thoughts, and pollutes himself and his blood. It is lamentable and shocking, the extent to which slang phrases have corrupted the pure speech of our time. Sensible and idle words have crept in and crowded out the old but infinitely better, until there is scarcely a vestige of such left, and our speech is degraded our sterling mother tongue. In one of the reflections Charles Dudley Warner, the author in his country, him who corrupts or profanes his country's slang? In private, in public, in newspapers, in books, and even from professors' chairs and from the pulpit, it blotcheth the great stream of expression—the verbal drift-wood, scum, and dirt of the time otherwise. Out upon this evil, this abominable practice—this insult upon God's crowning beauty to man.

A NATIONAL SIGN.—In a recent number of the Leisure, Fanny Fern, in a characteristic article, called upon the poets of America to write a national song, to the tune of "Old Hundred;" and on the first page of our present issue we publish a most admirable response to her call, from the pen of our gifted contributor, WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE, who, undoubtedly, one of the most accomplished song-writers of the age.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

Children are like flowers, the more closely we observe them, in all their luxuriance, and their strange ways and thoughts, the more attractive and beautiful will they seem. True, there are offensive children, but so much is said of them now-a-days because of bad training, but the exception to the general rule of their attractiveness is too slight, taking the whole range of childhood, to be worthy of notice. The naturalness, the confidence, the pure frankness and sincerity of an unconverted child, may well stand as a lesson of the highest order of heaven. Children, of themselves, are fresh and pure as the air or the snow-drift, and their freedom from falsehood and deceit ought to be to the grown generation a perpetual home and rebuke. Yet, with all the simplicity and transparency of the untaught child, there often comes from them such queries and reflections as startle and puzzle the profoundest philosopher. Their intellects, or their common sense, rather, is not unfrequently wiser than all the lore of the learned.

The wonderful trust of children in the power of their parents, what other faith is like it? If man could, or would exercise the like faith in God, that the child has in its parents, or could believe half as sincerely in the benevolence of His power, what wrestlings and God-nerves we should all be. The child, except in extreme cases, never doubts a no matter nor doubles. He rushes eagerly forward whatever tongue his quick senses; he believes every word, has confidence in every face that is more bewildered than angered when he stumbles upon treachery and falsehood. Enthusiasm is the mainspring of the child's action, and from all its thoughts and emotions—from every nerve and fibre, second childhood, old age.

Happy childhood! innocent, beautiful children! Yours is the unclouded dawn of life, the flowery path, the hour of freedom, such as those only see in the flowing of the life-stream, and will never more return on earth. Wherever you are, in city or country, by field or forest, you are the joy of morning, and glee, and joy are with you. A gleam of sunshine, the light of a heavenly face, a song of gentleness, each and all can fill your hearts, and make your voices free as the birds'. Whatever is pure, or new delights and instructs you. You breathe an atmosphere of ever-sustaining hope and cheerfulness. Precious childhood—the incipiency of a new generation—the budding of, perchance, a broader and better age, the germ of a more glorious and pure stream which, ere long is to become the all-pervading life of humanity, in which every heart shall flow tenderly watched and guided, should this childhood be.

FORCED SMILES.

What more beautiful than smiles!

Whether seen playing upon the face of young innocence, or lighting up the features of the aged and the sage, smiles are always attractive and genial. They are most welcome visitors to the fire-side and the hearth. He dispels the clouds of gloom that would otherwise overshadow the home, and makes the heart leap with joy. Smiles are a practical philosophy—the inculcating

A SABBATH NIGHT.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I love this holy time. The forest-leaves
Rhoneath the sunshine dance and laughing flow,
And faintly glowing in the starlight gleam
As if the current, that came o'er their sleep,
Were of the mystic land. The mountain-pine
Her bosom in melancholy music moves
The weary winds are slumbering in the heavens,
The dewdrop sacred sighs on the cloud
For glistening to the summer—all is still,
Save the low murmuring of the distant spring
Like a lone angel humming his soul in
Of calm from the blessed.

It is sweet,
At such an hour, to wander out beneath
The sacred sky, in quiet to ponder,
To pursue angel-shapes on every star,
And think that they are living worlds like ours,
To fancy to our vision more to each
From this far point of bliss, and to feel
The deep and gentle spirit, that pervades
The thousand air, shut like a holy spell
Upon life's troubled waters.

Hark! the bell
Tells out the midnight hour. Its echoes die
And yet your heart is the less of time
At this still hour of musings! Take and hill
And plain and stream and lake and sounding wood
Grow in the distance, and Religion rests
Upon them like a starlit. Oh, I love,
On even like this, to kneel in solitude
And send up my full heart to Him that feeds
My hour, since God's love baptized each room
That speaks in mystic eloquence from 4th,
And all, and earth, and ocean, calls the soul
To mingle with the holiness of heaven.

RICHARD HOFFMAN:

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER I.

KEHODA AND THE CHELA.

At daybreak the following morning the happy party started on horseback to pay their promised visit to Mrs. Chastaine, at her country residence, situated in a sheltered nook amongst the undulating chain of hills which form the right bank of the Hooghly.

The ladies were riding habits of the thinnest muslins, and large straw hats to protect them from the sun, which even at that early hour darted its burning rays upon the brown of the earth, and absorbed with a drunkard's thirst the dew-drops of the preceding night. The harassed and our hero, like all travellers in India, were dressed in white cotton frocks and trowsers; whilst the costumes of the native grooms, of Richard's horse, the syce, or groom, and the military uniform of Corporal Stack, who never exposed his master to any service he could not him, added to the picturesque appearance of the group which Mrs. Chastaine's Newfoundland dog, preceded, bounding with joy. Despite his white curly coat, and innocent gambols, the noble animal appeared to suffer less from the heat than either the horses or their riders. Their place of destination was one of those delicious retreats the merchant princes of India pride themselves on possessing in the immediate neighborhood of Calcutta, to which they gratefully retreat with their families during the hottest heat of the summer months. Architecturally speaking, the house had not a single beauty to recommend it, and resembled a huge bungalow rather than a mansion, being a low, irregular pile, our story high, with a broad verandah running the entire length of the facade, and connecting it with the offices, which stood a little apart from the principal building.

Art could not have added to, however unsuccessful it might have been, the loveliness of the spot, where nature reigned in graceful beauty. At the back of the house rose a thick wood, enfolding it in its shade; above the trees rose the feathery crest of the royal palm, drooping calmly; whilst the flowering portal, and magnificent magnolia, perfumed every breath of air with the fragrance of their blossoms.

In front of this retreat, which, it must be confessed, had no merchant had attempted to gain, was a small lake well stocked with gold fish and water fowl; on its banks the blue-crested peacock might be seen watching with patient gravity, till its fancy grew reproached the shadow which, more suddenly it would dart its long neck beneath them, and spreading its gaudy wings, fly with some half-shrieking, half-laughing in its beak.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Lillian, as the party simultaneously drew rein to gaze upon the scene we have attempted to describe.

"Beautiful beauties that they compare with it," quietly observed Sir Charles, after a pause.

Rose, who was in attendance upon Lady Bell, sighed at the remark. India to her was a land of exile—not of paradise.

"Do you not think so?" added the speaker, addressing himself to our hero.

How could our hero agree with him? True, he had contemplated many a spot of great beauty, both in Jersey and Devonshire—never with Lillian by his side. Her presence would have transformed even that into fairy-land; and the heart's escape must have been sterile indeed which, under such circumstances, he would not have pronounced unrivaled.

"How? Is it possible Mr. Tyrrell should be of your opinion?" demanded Lady Bell.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated her ladyship, laughingly. "O you men, you men! what imaginative creatures you are, with eyes only for the beautiful. Do you remember the fish-pond at the Cedars?"

Perfectly," answered her husband, slightly embarrassed, for he began to comprehend her.

The Cedars was the name of the seat of the two maiden aunts and the place where Sir Charles had first wooed and won his bride.

"And that, the same ducks, the same cocks, were under the old elm?"

"Can I ever forget them?" exclaimed the baronet, gallantly.

"You must pronounce that little pond, with its swarmy, mantling face, more picturesque than the Lake of Geneva, and the fat ducks more majestic, and elm—"

"The most romantic accessories!" interrupted the gentleman. "And I think so still. There, I have said my *sex culpa*, forgive me!"

The peccadillo was forgiven in a smile.

"Richard," said the speaker, good-humouredly, "be careful how you converse with Rose, or your every word will be written down against you, and that to break or forget a single one of them will be considered little short of treason and punished accordingly."

"I have no fear," replied our hero, with a glance of intense affection towards Lillian; "for mine are registered in my heart."

At this moment Nolan, who probably considered that the speakers had indulged in their contemplation of the scene long enough, bounded forwards with a joyous bark, and dashed into the lake, scattering the terrified water-fowl in all directions. At the repeated call of his master the noble animal returned, shaking his dripping coat, and looking as proud and as self-satisfied as a dog could be expected to do.

The visitors once more gave their horses the rein, for Ramora appeared in the verandah waving her handkerchief with a child-like joy in sign of welcome, and a short canter brought the party to the house.

After the usual greetings, the mistress of the mansion, leaving the gentlemen to the care of her husband, conducted the ladies to their rooms, to change their morning costume.

"Lillian," she said, after regarding her attentively, "how you are changed!"

The fair girl blushed deeply.

"I love that sad and thoughtful air, which lately cast a shadow on your features," she continued. "Were I to read your heart through your eyes, I should say it decided for you."

"And you would judge rightly," answered Lady Bell, shaking her head playfully, and smiling fondly. "We must have no secrets, my love," she added, "from Ramora."

"No, assuredly."

With a bright and sunny smile—which could only have been reflected from a pure and glorious heart—Mrs. Chastaine threw her arms round the orphan and kissed her. There was no occasion for words,—the action expressed her sympathy far more eloquently.

"I believe," exclaimed the speaker, after a moment's thoughtfulness, "that I ought to feel terribly jealous!"

Her visitor repeated the word with surprise.

"And exceedingly flipped," continued the beautiful egotistical creature; "I had made up my mind that the attentiveness should take place here—and engage such a pretty surprise—instead of which, I have no pretty surprise."

"You will forgive me," said Lillian; "it was not my fault."

"I believe it was your fault," replied Ramora, affection, the child's obedience, the husband's and the father's tenderness, the mother's fondness—all that is true and beautiful in humanity. Deity has not disdained to symbolize itself in that one expressive word. Therefore we bid the world believe, that youth may draw strength from its generous impulse, and maiden sweet memories for age to rest upon.

We play the man who never dreams. We speak not of wisdom that crowd the sleeper's pillow—they are common even to the meanest, most unthinking human beings—but of those glorious daydreams, golden reveries which haunt life's waking hours, anticipate the wing of time, and paint its rainbow hues a happy future. Such images are like pictures seen in a camera. Providence may never realize them, *but it is something to have seen them.*

Our more youthful readers can readily imagine the feelings of our hero as he wandered into the depths of the dark Indian forest, whose interlacing boughs formed a leafy canopy over his head, excluding the noon-day sun. A more delicious spot for self-communion could not have been chosen. The only sounds that broke the stillness of the scene were the hum of bright life and the song-bird's note.

It was not long before he came to a secluded dell, inclosed on three sides. From the giant branches of one of these a hammock hung suspended, and seemed to invite him to repose. After several attempts he succeeded at last in taking possession of the swinging cradle—no very easy achievement, as all who have tried it can testify; and having lighted a cheroot to keep off the mosquitos, he gradually yielded himself up to the indulgence of those reveries which make the heart's rich music.

His thought of Lillian—there in imagination a future home of love blessed by her presence; then of the moment that should restore him to his mother's arms, his sister's kiss, a father's blessing. In the truthfulness of his years, he saw that father's fame cleared even from the suspicion of a crime, and the proud, the wonderful parent—stood.

"Let others pray for wealth, for power, or fame," he murmured, as the vision of his mother's imagination had conjured up filled his eyes with tears. "If heaven grants me these, all, no more."

Richard had been plunged some time in that dreamy state in which

> Visions of heaven with droppings of earth creation
> To form a whole, half human, half divine,

when the sound of music stole gently on his ear, and roused him. He listened, seeming not to wish the illusion to be present.

On the receding sward, at a short distance from the hammock, stood a female figure, whose appearance was strikingly concealed by the dark saffron veil peculiar to the Nautch girls of India.

The dress of the dancer was the costume of Mariadin.

Richard had frequently seen her on his visits to the house of Sir Charles Fourreau, and the looks she had cast on him had not passed unnoticed; they were expressive, and had increased the love in his heart—to say nothing of his principles—was filled with horror at the idea of being touched by the glance of passion.

Being proof, of course he failed to recognize her.

There is something exceedingly touching in many of the native Indian airs, to one of which the graceful Nautch girl sang the following simple, but impassioned lay:

> Thou art a rose in the garden,
> But my heart is wedded to jessamine;
> I would not pluck thee if I might,
> By my sister of her bath awaits;
> And while thou blushest in the sunlight
> For no earth I am alone.
> Bring me the jessamine flowers,
> And my heart is wedded to them.
> Breathing roses whose words are gladness
> Are for the bridal hour;
> Oh! the jessamine flowers,
> And my heart is wedded to them.
> Thou art a rose in the garden,
> But mine is the jessamine.

Involuntarily our hero pronounced the name of Kehoda, well knowing that no other Indian maiden could address him in such words.

In an instant, the saffron veil which enveloped her head and shoulders was thrown back, and disclosed in the same sparkling, enkindled dress which she had worn in the temple. Around her gold glittered on her arms and ankles, and the bracelets of the same precious metal, with the long tresses of her hair, which fell in rich profusion half over her face, her graceful figure, white passion and triumph flashed from her dark, glowing eyes.

He must have been cold indeed to the spell of beauty who could gaze unmoved upon her, so lovely did she appear with every charm of her person rendered one of the dances peculiar to her profession.

We know not whether the old poet Suckling ever visited India, but he must have visited it, think we did so, admirably would his quaint lines describe her—

> Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light.
> But oh! she danced such a way—
> No sun upon an Easter day,
> Is half so fine a sight.

Perhaps we ought to explain, for the information of our non-oriental readers, that it was a common belief in Suckling's time that the sun danced in the heavens for joy on Easter Sunday—a belief now exploded. There was much mystery in many of those old superstitions, and we often find ourselves wishing that the key to many of them have passed away.

Richard had never raised himself in his hammock; good upon her as he could have guard against the dancer's witching, bewildering art, seduction alone. Her singular beauty made no impression upon him. The one great charm, the spell, the crowning grace of womanhood, was wanting—modesty. The bounteous tresses human hair which often adorn the fairest child, a bewitching charm—the lotion or mine cannot replace it. It is the breastplate of the modest maid of the Creator clothed our first mother with—the innocent blush, and a long accurst daughters; pity that any should be found to cast the gift aside.

At the end of the dance the Nautch girl approached the hammock, and stood with her arms folded upon her breast.

Again he repeated her name.

"Alone," murmured Kehoda, "I am alone."

"Alone!" repeated the youth, startled, with surprise.

"What seeks the bird," exclaimed the Indian, pensively, "when the dull rains are past, and earth puts forth its earliest flowers? I am alone."

The last words of the speaker in the picturesque language of the East imply, "I am unloved." And Tyrrell was too well acquainted with its metaphorical expressions not to understand her.

"You know, Kehoda," he replied, "that my heart is another's. I have no love to give."

"Too soon me," muttered the girl, in a sorrowful tone.

"No," answered the object of her passion, kindly. "I have no scorn in my nature, unless for

THE COBRA.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

voice; for weakness I have only guilty. I would not spread the sluggish fluxes," he continued, "unless to repleat it in a new gentle acid, for his plain, then cast it from me like a worthless weed in pre-pose. Even if my heart were true, we could be taught but scamper to each other the difference of our faith forbids it."

"Thy words shall be mine," replied the girl; "thy God and master lead my heart. I have risked my life in loving her, think not I would refuse my country."

"This is madness! folly!" said the young man, more and more embarrassed by the situation.

"You think so poor," urged Kelosia.

"It is not wealth that could tempt me," interrupted Richard. "I have more than I desire of the shining dross already."

"How so," continued the maiden, rapidly, seeing that the quicker wrought to hear her. "You know not, dream not of the value of the gift you have rejected. Answer me one question."

"You must ask it briefly, though observed our hero, vexed at her importunity.

"What thanes would your island queen bestow upon the man who prevented the brightest jewel in her crown—rescued her dearest friend from slaughter, and their wives and children from destruction?"

"The highest that a subject can attain," replied Richard Purvell.

"I offer them!"

"You?"

"With my love."

The profession of his friend March that British supremacy in India was threatened with some terrible convulsion, flashed on the recollection of her hearer; but, notwithstanding the amount of knowledge once, he scorned to trifle with her feelings, or feign a love he could never feel.

Kelosia," he replied, "if you believed—as your words imply—possess the knowledge of my danger meaning, my countrymen, reveal it, for your own—for your country's sake. The vengeance of Baghaud will be terrible!"

"More terrible than her rule?" replied the Nautch girl, scornfully. "Have it not leveled the thrones of her princes—reduced the successors of the imperial race of Timour to a vassal state—produced our wealthy—hardened our laws and prices—bold? You know the only means," she added, "to unseal my lips."

"I am sorry for you" answered the youth; "sorry for the misery and shame your obstinacy will bring on all your race."

So saying he walked sternly, leaving Kelosia a prey to disappointment and the shame of a rejected love. For several minutes after his departure she stood rooted to the spot, a statue of pride and pain; tears filled her eyes, which lately flashed with light, and fell upon her heaving and bare bosom. Suddenly she dashed them aside, as ashamed of her weakness, and her agitated features gradually resumed an expression of their former calm.

"Fool," she murmured, "my dream of life is past. I would have saved him; but not for me—nor for the pale-faced girl preferred to me! It is his fate; why should I seek to avert it?"

With thoughtful step the speaker returned to the path beneath the plantain tree, where she stood while chanting her impassioned lay, and raised from its root a round bulb covered with green and brown, in which the priest had concealed the deadly notes. Without the slightest symptom of fear or disgust, Kelosia drew forth the serpent, which curled around her wrist, but made no effort either to escape or inflict the deadly bite.

Doubtless the juice of the plant with which Nadi had rubbed her hand was the antidote to poison.

"The scourger!" she murmured, gazing on the reptile; "the scourger!"

Carefully enveloping it once more in its leafy nest, the Indian girl drew from the recesses of her zone a conceal her peculiar costume, and walked with a hurried step in the direction of the Chultaes.

As Kelosia disappeared, a Hindoo, dressed in the garb of a fakir, crept from out the thick brushwood, from which scarce relieve he had been a concealed spectator of her address with our hero. With a menacing glance, he cautiously followed her footsteps.

The words which he had heard made a far greater impression upon the mind of Richard Purvell than the beauty of the temptress had produced upon his heart; and he felt anxious to impart his suspicions to Sir Charles; but, on his return to the house, he found the ladies assembled in the saloon. Not to alarm them unnecessarily, he forbore to mention to write.

Several times during the evening both Lady Bell and Mrs. Castlemar filled him upon his attentions; Lilian, too, appeared solicitous. With an effort, therefore, he cast off the gloomy humor which oppressed him; and, when the hour of separation came, the circumstance was forgotten by at least himself.

Instead of retiring to rest, the youth seated himself at his writing-desk to draw up a report of the conversation, which, without appreciating the weakness of the Nautch girl—he possessed too manly a spirit for that—might serve to put the commander of the palkee-ghar on his guard.

The task was both a difficult and a delicate one. The evening before, Adam Scott, in fact, the hero's fallen grief of the Newfoundland dog, consulted by his son, failed to discover that Richard had not compelled to notice it. It was merely by—

"Quiet, Nelson, quiet!"

But Nelson would not be quiet; the agonizing brute had perceived the presence of one of those odors, which, not liking for resting-place, had crept from the bed, and was gliding about the floor.

The confinement in a house was as irksome at last as to sailor-boat, that our here rose from his seat to drive the beast from the room, when he was almost he became transfixed with horror: within three feet of him was the serpent, which, roused and angry at his sudden movement, it had coiled itself up, its head waving with a quick, undulating motion, its hood distended—a sure sign that it was prepared to spring.

Horror kept the young man motionless. His limbs now and fell his daggar; but, like the victim of the oppressive nightmare, was unable to stir hand or foot. The dog was equally alarmed, for it without ground. The instant the colors made its spring, the noble animal caught it in his teeth, and then shook its victim—but not before it had inflicted round the muzzle of its captor, and inflicted its deadly bite.

The action, followed by the plaintive cry of Nelson, broke the spell. Richard sprang forward and crushed the head of the Indian reptile beneath the heel.

Alarmed by the noise Sir Charles and Mr. Castlemar, accompanied by Corporal Snook and several native servants, rushed into his room.

They found Richard with his presence in his arms, sponging its already swollen lips.

"What has occurred?" demanded the baronet.

"A cobra," exclaimed the merchant, in a tone of surprise. "This is most unusual: they are seldom found so near Calcutta."

Richard entreated him not to save the life of his affectionate creature whose courage had preserved him. His best shook his head.

"Hempson shall cannot small him," he replied; "the antidote is powerful, and will save the Dalmatian of the highest cost."

His master still continued to bathe the lips of Nelson. The faithful animal appeared sensible of his kindness: once or twice he wagged his tail gently, and looked in his face with a look as eloquent as if it were the tongue that thank and bless. It was less than an hour before reaching the rain, a fearful convulsion shook the limbs of the dog, which gave one howl and died.

On examining the bed, the hearer and grass in which the reptile had been concealed were discovered, and it was evident that a murder had been attempted.

The native servants were all closely questioned and told Kehoda; she had disappeared.

Knew not, dream not of the value of the gift you have rejected. Answer me one question."

"You must ask it briefly, though observed our hero, vexed at her importunity.

"What thanes would your island queen bestow upon the man who prevented the brightest jewel in her crown—rescued her dearest friend from slaughter, and their wives and children from destruction?"

"The highest that a subject can attain," replied Richard Purvell.

"I offer them!"

"You?"

"With my love."

The profession of his friend March that British supremacy in India was threatened with some terrible convulsion, flashed on the recollection of her hearer; but, notwithstanding the amount of knowledge once, he scorned to trifle with her feelings, or feign a love he could never feel.

Kelosia," he replied, "if you believed—as your words imply—possess the knowledge of my danger meaning, my countrymen, reveal it, for your own—for your country's sake. The vengeance of Baghaud will be terrible!"

"More terrible than her rule?" replied the Nautch girl, scornfully. "Have it not leveled the thrones of her princes—reduced the successors of the imperial race of Timour to a vassal state—produced our wealthy—hardened our laws and prices—bold? You know the only means," she added, "to unseal my lips."

"I am sorry for you" answered the youth; "sorry for the misery and shame your obstinacy will bring on all your race."

So saying he walked sternly, leaving Kelosia a prey to disappointment and the shame of a rejected love. For several minutes after his departure she stood rooted to the spot, a statue of pride and pain; tears filled her eyes, which lately flashed with light, and fell upon her heaving and bare bosom. Suddenly she dashed them aside, as ashamed of her weakness, and her agitated features gradually resumed an expression of their former calm.

"Fool," she murmured, "my dream of life is past. I would have saved him; but not for me—nor for the pale-faced girl preferred to me! It is his fate; why should I seek to avert it?"

With thoughtful step the speaker returned to the path beneath the plantain tree, where she stood while chanting her impassioned lay, apt raised from its root a round bulb covered with green and brown, in which the priest had concealed the deadly notes. Without the slightest symptom of fear or disgust, Kelosia drew forth the serpent, which curled around her wrist, but made no effort either to escape or inflict the deadly bite.

Doubtless the juice of the plant with which Nadi had rubbed her hand was the antidote to poison.

"The scourger!" she murmured, gazing on the reptile; "the scourger!"

Carefully enveloping it once more in its leafy nest, the Indian girl drew from the recesses of her zone a conceal her peculiar costume, and walked with a hurried step in the direction of the Chultaes.

As Kelosia disappeared, a Hindoo, dressed in the garb of a fakir, crept from out the thick brushwood, from which scarce relieve he had been a concealed spectator of her address with our hero. With a menacing glance, he cautiously followed her footsteps.

The words which he had heard made a far greater impression upon the mind of Richard Purvell than the beauty of the temptress had produced upon his heart; and he felt anxious to impart his suspicions to Sir Charles; but, on his return to the house, he found the ladies assembled in the saloon. Not to alarm them unnecessarily, he forbore to mention to write.

Several times during the evening both Lady Bell and Mrs. Castlemar filled him upon his attentions; Lilian, too, appeared solicitous. With an effort, therefore, he cast off the gloomy humor which oppressed him; and, when the hour of separation came, the circumstance was forgotten by at least himself.

Instead of retiring to rest, the youth seated himself at his writing-desk to draw up a report of the conversation, which, without appreciating the weakness of the Nautch girl—he possessed too manly a spirit for that—might serve to put the commander of the palkee-ghar on his guard.

The task was both a difficult and a delicate one. The evening before, Adam Scott, in fact, the hero's fallen grief of the Newfoundland dog, consulted by his son, failed to discover that Richard had not compelled to notice it. It was merely by—

"Quiet, Nelson, quiet!"

But Nelson would not be quiet; the agonizing brute had perceived the presence of one of those odors, which, not liking for resting-place, had crept from the bed, and was gliding about the floor.

The confinement in a house was as irksome at last as to sailor-boat, that our here rose from his seat to drive the beast from the room, when he was almost he became transfixed with horror: within three feet of him was the serpent, which, roused and angry at his sudden movement, it had coiled itself up, its head waving with a quick, undulating motion, its hood distended—a sure sign that it was prepared to spring.

Horror kept the young man motionless. His—oth

THE LADY CAROLINE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Lady Caroline, that heart of thine must be a heart of stone;
It never yet hath softened to a kindly look or tone,
And I doubt if one could reach it by menace or by moan.

O, in your stately beauty, with your heritage of pride,
You step as though you were a queen, as tho' in this world wide
There breathed no being worthy in your presence to abide.

You keep your heart unsullied, you o'er it place a guard,
And in a Temple of Disdain, 'tis bolted, locked and barred,
You keep your virgin vigil, is it cold or sad or hard?

Perchance there yet shall come a day, for woe and not for weal,
When there shall be unclasped for thee a book that shall reveal
The story of your cruel years, and you shall know and feel

The bitter lot of those who learn when it is all too late
The way that leads the pilgrim to Lamentation's gate,
Where many keep their vigil, yet vainly watch and wait.

And if that hour should ever come, Lady Caroline, to thee,
'Twere better you had sunk your heart in Lethe's torpid sea
Than let it thus be tortured in the flames of Memory.

There will come to you a vision of a youth heart-sick and sore,
Who knelt before you when the woods their crimson vesture wore;
But you sent him from your presence, to return, oh! nevermore.

And when the morrow's sun arose, he lay upon the ground,
In fetters stronger yet than Love on earth hath ever bound;
Know you the humble churchyard where rises Benny's mound?

Another and still other sadder records I could trace,
And none should bring you glory, but all would bring disgrace,
Until you'd raise your lily hands to hide your guilty face.

But, Lady Caroline, you still have time these errors to recall,
To hang up fairer pictures on Memory's sullied wall;
To let the sunshine linger where the shadow used to fall.

THE ASSASSIN OF CASTELLANE.

FROM RECORDS OF A FRENCH POLICEMAN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I had some renown as a successful rogue-catcher; and I had had some experience, too. My field of operations, as a usual thing, lay within the confines of the Department of the Lower Alps; and though I served under the sub-prefect of the Third Arrondisment, yet the Prefect of the Department called upon me when he chose. One morning—it was in the latter part of May—I received a note from the prefect, ordering me to come to Digne, and see him with all possible despatch. The missive came through the office of our sub-prefect, so I had nothing to do but get ready and start. I took an early dinner; assumed the dress of a peasant; browned my face and hands; and set forth. When I started off upon my mission which might be of importance, I always took the precaution of hiding my real character. I reached Digne just at nightfall, and as soon as it was dark I waited upon the prefect. He seemed to be relieved when he saw me, and at once took me to his private closet.

"Now," said I, "what is it? Have you got work for me?"

"Yes," he replied; "and important work, too. Sit down, and listen."

We sat down, and having tasted a bit of wine, he proceeded.

"Within a few months past there have been some of the most mysterious murders committed in this department, and in the department of Var, that have ever come under my notice. They are done, mostly, on the road from Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marseilles merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was found by the roadside, near the line between the two departments, and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there, and died in a fit, as no mark of violence could be found upon him. His pockets had been rifled, however. The next one was found near Annot, and under the same circumstances. He was a merchant, also, and from Nice. Since then five or six more have died upon the road in the same mysterious way; and no marks of ill-usage have been found upon any of them; but they have all been robbed.

"Have most of them stopped in Castellane?" I asked.

The prefect told me that they had.

"And I suppose they must have put up at some inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the prefect.

I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had been narrowly watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some poison in this matter? Some inn-keeper may administer the potion, and then send an accomplice after the victim."

"No," returned the prefect, with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of several of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found. It is a mysterious affair. The sub-prefect has done all he could, but without effect; and now we mean to give the whole thing into your hands. You must go to Castellane at once, and there you can get such further information as the prefect can give you."

After conferring awhile longer with the prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary tradesman's clothing, and thus habited I went to a hotel and put up for the night. In the morning I procured a horse, and set out, reaching Castellane before noon. During the day I pretended to be doing business. I went to the woollen factory and priced a lot of stuff; and also visited several places where preserved fruits were put up. I learned that most of the people who came there on business stopped at an inn kept by a man named Juan Fontaix, so I left my horse there, and engaged lodgings.

After dark I called upon the sub-prefect, and we spent two hours in consideration. However, I did not learn many new particulars from him,—or, at least, not many that had any direct bearing upon the case. He told me that he had used all the means within his power, but had been able to gain no clue to the guilty party. The murders had been committed upon men who had stopped at that place on business, and who had had money with them. Most of the victims had been from Marseilles, and the excitement in that city was intense. Gend'armes had been sent out upon all the roads, and secret police had also been upon the watch. The last victim had fallen only four days before, and the deed was done within fifteen minutes after the policemen had passed the spot.

I asked the sub-prefect if he had any suspicions. He answered that all the suspicion he had held was fastened upon Juan Fontaix, the inn-keeper. Nearly all the murdered men had stopped at his house, and he must have known something of their business. He had been able to bend his suspicions in no other direction.

I bade the officer to keep perfectly quiet, and not even to let one of his own men know of my presence. Then I returned to the inn, and finally entered into a conversation with my host upon the subject of the mysterious deaths. He pronounced it wonderful; and assured me that it had injured him more than he could tell.

"Par bleu!" he uttered, "they'll be suspecting me next, if they have not done so already."

I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontaix knew nothing of the guilty party. I was assured of this by the open characteristics of the man, and by the manner in which he treated the subject. He was very fearful, and at times blanched and trembled at the thought of being apprehended for the crime. Most people would have seen in this signs of guilt; but I thought differently. I knew that the man who could so successfully plan those repeated murders was not the one to tremble with fear while conversing upon the subject.

I spent all of the next day in the town, ostensibly engaged in business with the factories, but in reality hunting after some clue to the object of my mission. Night came again, but I had found nothing new. I knew just what others knew, and no more. This would not answer. I pondered over the matter after supper, and finally came to the conclusion that I must take to the road. I was satisfied that the murderer had laid his plans so deeply that no circumstantial clue could be found. If I would find him I must catch him with the proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home. Then I went to the fruit preserver's, and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I concluded my bargain. After this I went to the woollen factory, and saw the business agent. His name was Louis Cazaubon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before. He seemed to be a straightforward, business man, and yet he was the only one I had seen whom I really wished to suspect. In conversing upon the murders he had been a little too free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart would be apt to do. But still I had thus far been able to find nothing against him. On the present occasion I told him, as I had told the others, that I must return to Toulon and confer with my partner before I purchased.

"If you have not the ready money with you, we can give you credit," he said.

I told him I had plenty of money, but I was not fully prepared to pay the prices he had demanded. He said very well; and added, that he should be happy to sell to me when I came again. I bade him good-day, and then departed. As soon as I was alone I began to suspect Monsieur Louis Cazaubon in earnest. When I told him that I had money, but did not purchase because he charged me too much, why didn't he banter me? Simply because he wished me to leave town with my money in my pocket. At least, so it appeared to me. This was sufficient ground for me to work upon, and I resolved to watch the man a little while; so I rode to an out-of-the-way place, and left my horse, and then returned and concealed myself in a position where I could see the movements of Louis Cazaubon. In a few minutes he came out from his factory and walked away. His step was hurried and eager. I felt sure that he was not the man who did the direct work of death. The plot was deeper than that, or he would have been discovered ere this. So I resolved to wait a while and see if he returned. I would have followed him if I could have done so with safety; but he might have detected me, and that would not do. However, in less than fifteen minutes he came. He walked now with a sober, innocent air, altogether too moderate and careless for a business man. It seemed to say— "Oh—I haven't been up to any mischief, as you can see!"

I saw Cazaubon at his desk again, and then I returned to my horse. I did all my thinking while on the move, so that when I was once more in my saddle, I was ready for proceeding. I knew that I had a risk to run now, but I was ready for it. If the factory agent was at the bottom of the crime, and meant to have me robbed, he had already set his machinery in motion, and the next development would be upon the road. I examined my pistols, and then left the town, taking the road along the river, towards Aups.

At the end of half an hour I came to the slopes of the Barjols mountains, and soon afterwards entered the wood. I now began to be very careful, and keep my eyes about me. I will not say that I was wholly without fear; for the mysterious manner in which the murders had been done verged so closely upon the marvelous that a sort of superstitious dread attached to it. Had the victims been shot, or run through with a sword or dagger, or had their throats cut, I should have felt no sort of dread. For I was too much used to that sort of thing. But this was new ground. Death had come here, nobody knew how. It might have come from an invisible hand, and in dead silence. Yet, when I reasoned upon the subject, I felt sure that the murderer must approach very near to his victim ere the blow was struck, since it must be some direct and powerful agent that could cause death in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of Saint Esprit, and was descending a short, steep hillside, when I saw a boy by the roadside, at the foot of the descent, engaged in whipping a mule. He was a slightly built fellow, not more than fifteen years of age, and his coarse garments were covered with meal. I knew that there was a mill upon a branch of the Verdon, not far back, and I supposed he might be the miller's boy. As I came nearer I saw a large sack upon the ground, close by where the mule stood.

"What's the matter, my boy?" I asked, as I drew up near him.

"This ugly mule has thrown both me and my bag of corn from his back," the boy answered.

"Are you hurt?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt some," he said, "and I can't lift this sack again. If monsieur would help me, I would be very grateful."

Until this moment the idea of suspecting the boy had not entered my head; but the suspicion flashed upon me now. He was altogether too keen a looking fellow for a miller's apprentice. He gave me a glance from a pair of quick, sharp eyes that meant more than he had spoken. And then, if I had not been very much mistaken, I had seen him holding his mule very firmly with that left hand—certainly straining the shoulder more than ordinary lifting could have done.

I leaped from my saddle, and moved towards the boy, being careful to watch his every movement.

"Now," said he, "if you will take hold of that end, we will put it on." He lifted at the other end, and pretended that it hurt his shoulder; and he begged of me to lift it on alone.

I professed to be willing to comply, and stooped down for that purpose, keeping my head in such a position that I could watch him by a sidelong glance. As I bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw him carry his hand to his bosom and draw something out. I saw his dark eye snap, and heard his quick, eager breathing. In an instant I seized his wrist and bent it upward, and as I did so I heard a sharp report, like the explosion of a percussion-cap, and saw a tiny wreath of smoke curl up from the hand I held. He struggled to free himself from my grasp, but I held him with a grip of iron, and fastened my gaze upon him.

"I've found you, have I!" I said, drawing one of my pistols and cocking it. "I will simply inform you that I am an officer of the prefecture, and that I have been hunting for you. Just offer a particle more of resistance, and a bullet goes through your brain! Now give me that weapon."

The boy was frightened, and trembled violently.

"It is only a tobacco-pipe," he said, as he handed it to me.

And certainly, it looked like nothing more; but I had seen enough of it to know that evil was in it. It appeared to me to be an ordinary meerschaum pipe, the bowl being colored as though by long use—only the amber mouth-piece was missing. I did not stop to examine it then, but turned my attention to its owner. I saw that he was still trembling with fear, and I knew that now would be the time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Monsieur Louis Cazaubon," I remarked, by way of letting him know that I was thoroughly posted up.

He started, and I saw very plainly that he knew just what I meant; but he tried to recover himself, and clumsily asserted that he didn't know anything about the individual I had named.

"You needn't lie to me," I sternly replied, "for I know all about it. Louis Cazaubon has been watched by me when he didn't dream of such a thing. He thought I was a tradesman. But you are young, and I would save you. Confess everything to me, and I promise you that your life shall be spared."

I saw that the boy wavered, and I followed up my advantage; and ere long I had him bent to my wishes. I made him realize that I held his life in my hands; that I could protect him from the vengeance of any one whom he might criminate; and that he had everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by a full confession. He came to it gradually and reluctantly; but my wit finally triumphed, and I gained his secret.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin. He was born in Paris, but never knew who his parents were. He went to live with Cazaubon when quite young, and had been with him ever since. He said Cazaubon used to be a chemist, and did some business in that line; and it was in Paris that he invented the infernal machine which they had since used with such fatal effect. About two years previous to the present time they left Paris together, and spent nearly a year in traveling over the kingdom, murdering and robbing for a living. Finally they came to Castellane, where the master obtained his present situation, while the boy went into a mill close at hand. Cazaubon marked the victims that were to be robbed, and the boy then did the work. He used various artifices in carrying out his plan, but the usual one was the same that he had tried upon me.

The boy then explained to me the secret of the pipe. Only the outer surface was of meerschaum. Within it was a pistol of the finest steel, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The stem was the barrel, and the lock was concealed within the bowl, and covered with tobacco. A thin plate of metal protected the curiously contrived lock, and upon this the tobacco rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger upon this plate discharged the weapon. In order to cock it, the plate had to be removed. And now comes the *infernal* feature of the contrivance. The powder used in the little barrel was Cazaubon's own manufacture, and very powerful. For a wad a piece of felt was used, and on top of this was placed the missile which did the mischief. The boy had two of them with him, stitched up in the lining of his cap. He took them out and showed them to me. This projectile was a tiny arrow, not larger than a cambric needle, with one end sharp, and the other beat down to a thin feather. It was of fine steel, but coated with a greenish yellow substance, which was the most virulent and speedy poison that the chemist's art could concoct. That needle once within the course of the blood, and death was already at the heart. Its wound no mortal eye could detect. It punctured the skin not so palpably as the prick of a pin. He who sent it on its fatal errand made sure of his aim, generally striking the neck, and the victim would fall into insensibility ere he could realize what had hurt him.

I returned to Castellane with the boy, and having left him in charge of the sub-prefect, I took a gend'arme along with me, and went to the factory. Monsieur Cazaubon was surprised to see me back so soon, but he was more surprised when I asked him to take a walk with me; and when I called in the gend'arme, and bade him put the hand-cuffs upon the agent, he came nigh sinking to the floor. We had him secured before he had sense enough to resist, and he was conveyed to the office of the sub-prefect without trouble. At first he denied everything, and when he found that this would not avail him, he swore he would kill the boy.

In due time Monsieur Louis Cazaubon was tried and condemned to death, and the prefect of Digne took possession of the infernal machine. Before the villain was executed he confessed his crimes—told how many years he had worked to perfect his fatal instrument, and produce the poison—and also owned that the boy Henry had been driven to help him through fear of his life.

So the rascal was executed. Henry Dupin spent two years in confinement, and was then set free, and commenced an honest life. As for me, I got all the praise I deserved, and perhaps more. At all events, I had done the country some service, and the people were not slow to acknowledge it.

EATING FAST.

The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralyzed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of the battle of Dresden, too, the German novelist, Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the Emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

A Kingly Student.—Frederic the Great had five libraries all exactly alike, and containing the same books ranged in the same order; one at Potzdam a second at Sans Souci, a third at Berlin, a fourth at Charlottenburg, and a fifth at Breslau. On removing to either of these places, he had only to make a note of the page at which he left off, to pursue it without interruption on his arrival. Accordingly, he always bough fivet copies of the books he chose to read.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Don't cry, aunty. I love you."

And a little, sunny-haired thing bounded into the pale weeper's lap, and a pair of soft, white arms were drawn tightly around her neck. "Don't cry, aunty; I love you." Kisses fell warm on the mourner's lips and cheeks.

"Do you, darling?" And Mrs. Overman, taken almost at unawares, and drawn out of herself, returned the child's kisses with unwonted fervor.

"Yes, aunty, indeed I do," replied little curly head. "And I don't like you to cry so much. What makes you cry so, aunty, dear? Didn't Mr. Elder say that Uncle Overman had gone to heaven? When mother died, didn't you wipe my tears away and kiss me, and say—'Don't cry, little Matty; your mother is in heaven among the angels?' And now let me wipe your tears all away, aunty"—and the child put her handkerchief to the wet eyes of Mrs. Overman. "Uncle is in heaven among the angels, and he will tell my sweet mother how good you have been to her dear little Matty; and then she will be so glad."

With what a sudden outgushing of feeling did Mrs. Overman hug the child to her heart. But she could not trust herself to answer. Matty nestled close down against her bosom, and lay there very still.

"Aunty." She moved at last, and looked up as she spoke.

"What, dear?" Mrs. Overman's voice had in it a new expression for the child's ears.

"Won't you show me how to cut paper dolls?"

Mrs. Overman did not reply at once. Cutting paper dolls for a child! The very thought disturbed her. What uncongenial work for an almost heart-broken mourner!

"I'll get your scissors." And Matty dropped down from the lap of her aunt, and went, with lightly-tripping feet from the room.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the mourner. "How can I come down to this?"

But ere her mind had reached any decision, Matty returned with scissors, paper, and a colored print of fashion; and, laying them all upon the lap of Mrs. Overman, said—

"Now, aunty, show me."

Thus importuned, and with everything at hand, there was no retreat; and so, with a feeling of reluctance that it was almost impossible to overcome, the aunt of little Matty took up the scissors, and began fingering the materials which had been supplied.

"We must have some gum," she said, in a half absent way.

Matty looked up curiously, and with a slight shade on her face, for she did not know to what extent this want of gum might interfere with the work in hand.

"Open my writing-case, that stands on the table there, and you will find a bottle of gum."

So that difficulty was met. There being no escape now, Mrs. Overman went forward as by a kind of necessity; making garments of various kinds and colors, and arranging them on figures cut from the fashion print. Soon the child's eager delight began to impart warmth to her heart; then her feelings stirred with interest; and, ere long, there came a temporary oblivion of suffering.

"You are so good, aunty. I wish mother knew how good you were to her little Matty!"

What an impulse of pleasure leaped along the veins of Mrs. Overman at this warmly-uttered sentence. She bent over and kissed the child fervently. For almost an hour longer she was engaged in showing Matty how to cut and fit dresses for paper dolls. The work grew quite largely on her hands; and her interest increased with the child's eager delight. After a certain number of dresses had been made, the necessity for a box to keep them in became apparent. So Mrs. Overman went searching among her drawers for a paper box, and soon discovered one, nicely lined with delicate pink tissue paper.

"Oh, aunty!" exclaimed the delighted Matty, her eyes rounding to twice their ordinary dimensions, as they rested on the paper box, the outside of which was ornamented with a handsomely-colored group of children at play among flowers in a garden; "is that for me?"

"Yes, petty." Mrs. Overman's voice had nearly lost its sadness.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful?"

Together, the aunt and child, placed the dolls and dresses in the box, both interested in the work.

"You must keep them in the nicest order, Matty," said Mrs. Overman, smiling down upon the face that lifted itself to hers. "I shall look at them every day."

"Will you?"

The child's loving heart perceived, dimly, that it was good for her suffering aunt to take interest in anything out of herself; and so, in the query, her voice expressed both gladness and surprise.

"Yes, dear. Will it please you to have me do so?" she answered.

"Oh, yes! Ever so much!"

And now, this light employment done, the spirit of Mrs. Overman went back into shadow. Matty amused herself all the afternoon with the box and dolls, her heart in sunshine. Tired, at last, the child left her play; and taking up a little book, went and leaned against her aunt, who sat near a window, shading her face with her hand.

"Aunty!"

There was neither motion nor reply.

"Aunty!"

"What, dear?"

How very cold and absent the voice! But Matty knew that love was in the heart of her aunt, and so she was not repelled.

"Won't you read me a little story?"

"Not now, dear," said Mrs. Overman. How was it possible for her to come down from the solitude of her great sorrow, to the trifling themes written for the pleasure of a child?

Matty laid her cheek down upon her aunt's knee, and raised her large eyes to her face. At first Mrs. Overman did not return the earnest gaze that rested upon her. When she did so, she was struck with two things: the sober aspect of Matty's face, and its singular likeness to her mother.

"Poor babe!" she said in her thoughts, as a feeling of tender interest awakened. "Poor, motherless babe!"

One arm now drew itself, from an impulse of affection, around the child, showing that the current of feelings in the aunt's mind was beginning to move in a new direction.

"Poor, motherless babe!" repeated Mrs. Overman. "Shall I forget you in this almost paralyzing affliction? Have I not something more to do than sitting in idle sorrow?"

A deep sigh came shivering up from her heart.

"Aunty!"

"What, dear?"

"I do want you to read me a story so much."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed, aunty."

It was not hard work, now, for Mrs. Overman to take the book from Matty's hands, and read as she was desired. At first her thought did not go below the surface of words; but, as she read on, now a palpable truth, now a pleasant image, and now a charming illustration won her attention, and soon she was almost as much interested as Matty herself, and, certainly, instructed in a much higher degree; for the author was a close thinker as well as an apt describer of external things, and possessed the rare power of writing up to the mature thought, at the same time that he wrote down to the childish apprehension. Both parent and child were learners alike from him.

"Wasn't that a beautiful story, aunty?" said the eager listener, as Mrs. Overman closed the book, after reading for nearly half an hour.

"I think so," was the quick answer. The mind of Mrs. Overman was busy with thoughts which the story had suggested. The author had spoken a few sentiments just suited to her case, and she felt them as reminders of duty—duty to herself as well as to others. She had actually indulged in self-rebuke, for the pleasant interest felt in such frivolous work as cutting paper dolls for a child. It seems so like heartless indifference to her great loss. But, from this simple story, she learned that into all useful employment the mind enters with a degree of pleasure; and that a denial of self for another's good, is ever accompanied by interior delight.

The truth had come to her at the right time, and, as she dwelt upon it, her mind opened more and more in the right direction. To sit in idle grief was wrong. Clearer, every moment, grew that proposition.

"How much wiser and better is it," she said "to make others happier, and so secure a measure of peace for our own hearts, than to neglect other, and remain miserable ourselves."

This is very clear. "There is a double wrong in the one case, and a double blessing in the others," she added.

Strength had come to the mourner in her weakness—light in the darkness of her sorrow. Most reluctantly had she stirred from her leaden repose to respond to a child's want, and even the motion had brought its measure of relief.

In that hour of instruction and reproof, Mrs. Overman passed from under the thick shadows that grief had drawn so gloomily around her soul; and, though clouds had still mantled her sky, feeble sunbeams were struggling through many rifts, and their warmth went even to her sorrowing heart.

Love grows by activity. Passive love gets feebler and feebler each weary day; while active love gains ever, renewed vitality. Something of indifference towards little Matty had begun to creep into the heart of Mrs. Overman, and the care of her was beginning to be felt as burdensome. But, now, a new state was born. She had compelled herself to hearken to the pleadings of a child, and in giving, she had received a double measure. In the darkest hour, light had come; in the weariness of weakness, strength.

Though Mrs. Overman had bowed herself to the earth, under the weight of her heavy affliction, like one whose strength was wholly exhausted, she was not, naturally, a weak woman. But she loved her husband with a love that was almost idolatry, and when he was taken from her, the bereavement seemed greater than she had strength to bear. Now, as she made an effort to take up the duties of life again—to be active instead of idle—the active strength of [illegible] appeared. Clear seeing is an important accessory to right acting. Mrs. Overman saw clearer and clearer every day; and every day she entered more earnestly into the uses that lay at her feet, or presented themselves on every side. And so, as time wore on, the mourner, who lay prostrate for a little while, grew more and more erect, and looked with calmer eyes into the faces of friend and stranger. Not around little Matty gathered all her loving regard; not on little Matty were bestowed all the good offices in her power to render. As she looked up, there came higher teaching to her soul; and she walked on in the way of duty.

How calmly the days began, at length, to pass with Mrs. Overman. She had ceased, through a daily increasing interest in others, to think of herself, or act for herself. Into a higher region her mind had risen, and there she found strength. Many blessed her in their uprisings and in their down lyings, and prayed that she might have peace even as she had brought peace, comfort, or hope to them. But, even before their grateful prayer went upwards, her reward had come. She had found a divine strength in the very abandonment of human weakness.

INDUSTRY AGAINST SPECULATION.

In a collection of obituary notices for the year 1799, we find recorded the deaths of two persons, whose circumstances are extraordinary examples of the reverses of fortune, and afford striking proofs of the superiority of honest industry to wild speculation. The first was Mr. James Calvert, who in February died in indigence, having been the sole proprietor of the first ticket that ever drew so high a prize as $100,000 in the English lottery; and in a subsequent lottery he gained $25,000: he was originally a capital vinegar-merchant, at the corner of Old-street, in the City Road. In the following month died Mr. Abraham Newman, who was one of the richest citizens of London, and a happy instance of the powers of accumulation by the steady pursuit of honorable industry. Without speculation or adventure, he acquired three million dollars, (3,000,000,) as a grocer: he retired from trade about four years before his death, but so forcible was his habit, that he came every day to the shop, and ate his mutton at two o'clock, the good old city hour, with his successors. Verily, it is the hand of the diligent that waxeth rich.

CHARACTER.

The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some, who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate; others grow desponding and hopeless; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "the more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be;" and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and perish; others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way will try another.

Trifles are not to be Despised.—The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musqueto can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect.

ADMONITION.

BY ALICE CARY.

Rise then, whose fate a shadow wears
Whose eyes with tears are dim;
Amid the losses, blessings lie sown,
And make it beautiful.
"Has this, or, ever while it is day,"
So all thy many brethren say,
"If cannot help me from the pit by
The shadow that it wears."
Then answered, with a human face I—
I only have my sorrow—
Which, if it make me wise, is my;
Arise and work, while it is day."

But then hast work enough to do—
Before the mowing field,
Before the sickle, and the sheaves bought to stave
Secured by brightened feet,
And making ready, like a bride,
To meet him at the reunion.

Then answered, "Leave sweet admiration
Are not the sun so close,
A course of bitterness, it is,
That I am called to lose!
No need have I to gather bought,
Or pack myself for bridal voyage.

Nay, for then hast a home more fair
Than earthly home can be.
In Heaven, and hast a better Sire
Who call, and love for thee—
All men thy brethren are—each day
Then hast thy great things, even as they.

THE BOAR HUNT.

On account of the activity and ferocity of the wild hog, the boar hunt, from the danger which attends it, is a field adapted to American sports. One who is of a courageous and warlike disposition; and this species of sporting is very common in many countries in all parts of the world; but nowhere left so much exercise for it as on the Indian and African, therefore of the boar hunt in India and Africa that we are about to give an account.

The experienced sportsman commences operations often before the day is well announced. All that time the scent lies well though it evaporates very suddenly after sunrise.

At an early hour the wild boar will often be found on the field at night of morning, or may be intercepted on its return from the nightly depredation in some remote field. It is consequently, as a mode of lodging to sleep in the open air, decidedly unhealthy, is not in general a desideratum; but where covers are heavy and difficult to search, or when other covers are too conspicuous, at times it becomes an important consideration, and in some cases alone is often reliance to a good horse.

It should be here considered that the pace and powers of a wild boar are not to be estimated by any comparison with those of a common horse. Those unacquainted with the vigor and speed of the jungle hog of India, or the wild boar of Africa, will be surprised to learn that it requires a good horse to keep near a moderate sized one, not rendered tardy by too long rest in a dishonorable corn or sugar cane; and that it is by no mean uncommon to see what is considered but a moderate animal overdrive many horses with their riders in succession. The best time, from April to November, (during which, settled the cases and scorns are off the ground,) is the morning immediately after sunrise, from the copses and long grass jungles, in which they lodge during the warmth of food to great distances; by which means they are not only kept low in flesh, but from daily exercise, get confirmed in good wind, and even rather to fly than to run. And that is not merely a spurt of some hundred yards, but for a good distance.

A traveler in India says that he recollects on one occasion being part of a party of four, well mounted, who were completely distanced in a chase of short time only. He thus gives the account of this chase:

"In crossing the country one morning, early in June, about sunrise, we saw at some distance a hog trotting over a plain in the direction of some very large extent of brambles and copse, from which we could not hope to drive him. As there appeared no chance of overtaking him, we resolved to let him proceed unmolested, and to be at the place from which he had set out to cover on the next morning. We accordingly were up early, anticipating the pleasure of being at his back by sunrise at the same spot from which we had directed him, he was seen not long before in the morning. Knowing that when hogs take the alarm, they are apt to change their route, on that account we were not surprised at this device which rather increased our sentiment. We were still earlier on the third morning, when we took up our position near the nightly resort, and had the satisfaction to find that we were in time to meet back his company homeward. Here, however, some delay took place. The hog, on his first breaking from the jungle where we awaited him, and through which he had to pass after gaining himself in a swamp among some young rice sown extremely thick for transplanting, found that he was watched; he, therefore, after trotting out about a hundred yards, gave a start and returned. This was exactly what we wished for. It was not yet day, and the desire to intercept our prey had made us push forward so as to leave our people far behind. They, however, came up to the number of about two hundred, and after beating the cover for a short time, the animal broke fairly to the plain. As we were careful not to discourage him, and appeared entirely kept from the side on which we wished him to bolt, he gained upon us a little—perhaps about 150 yards. He had to go at least three miles to his home; and the whole of the plain was laid out in paddy, or rice fields; that is, in compartments of about an acre or two each divided by mud banks, perhaps from a foot to four in height, and about fifteen inches thick. Under such circumstances our horses had evidently great advantage: yet we had the mortification to see the hog keep his distance, and enter the copse without any apparent loss, throwing even a distant space. He trick over the banks was obvious: each place could be distinguished, where, as he passed over, his hind legs struck; and those marks nearest the jungle into which he had escaped were tinged with blood. It was, without question, the hardest chase I ever saw."

This may serve to give an idea of the difference in speed, between wild and tame hogs.

The wild hog delights in cultivated situations; but he will not remain where water is not at hand, in which he may, unobserved, quench his thirst and swallow at his ease. Our gentlemen will not need to be told that wild boars do not afford ample cover, whether of heavy grass or of underwood jungle, within a certain distance, for him to fly to in case of molestation; and especially to serve as a retreat during the hot season, as otherwise he would find no shelter. The sugar cane is his great delight, both as being his favorite food, and as affording a high, impervious, and unfrequented situation.

It generally requires a great number of people to drive hogs out of sugar-cane fields, some of which are of large extent, covering perhaps fifty or sixty acres. The beaters should not be more than five or six feet from each other, else the hogs will frequently turn back and rush through the interval; or else squat and suffer the beaters to pass them.

They should preserve as even line as much as possible; and the whole of the persons employed should be particularly arranged along the outside of the cane field, each man furnished with a knife or bamboo staff. The persons who carry drums, trumpets, &c., should be equally divided in the line. The hunters should be stationed at the several corners of the field, as the hogs will in this case say any hog that may start, and follow instantly.

All being arranged, the signal is given to move on through the cane with all the chance that can be raised. It sometimes happens that the game will bolt instantly; at least, will proceed to the verge, previously to see if the coast be clear, when, if any object appear to them suspicious, they will return, and of course occasion infinite trouble to expel them. Sometimes indeed, nothing will induce them to run.

Dogs are extremely useful in scenting the hogs in corn-fields and in urging them to break cover. The dogs that hunt the boar will carry sharp nose, with small face, short pricked ears, thin tails, deep chests and small bellies, with excellently limbed feet. They are very fleet and strong. Some will take a good wind hog by the ear, holding very fast in this way; many receive desperate wounds; whence they become more cautious, and confine themselves to the hind quarters.

When a person hunts singly, those dogs are of the greatest service, as they not only help to bring the hog to bay, but in case a spear should miss, or be taken away, they will prevent the hog from making way the animal is proceeding. This, in covers higher than the hog's back, is of great utility, as the hunter, by this means, will be enabled to regain his spear, would afford the hog an opportunity to escape. Every dog, their old is by no means desirable, as they often tease the hog and make him so savage that he is difficult to throw a spear correctly, and with safety to the dogs themselves.

Where a hunt is conducted upon more confident and judgment than hunting the wild boar; indeed, so much is this the case, that it is by no means unusual men to see one experienced hand perform more than several who may be unacquainted with the sport, and who may, therefore, be considered as novices. Coolness and resolution, to such a degree as to be almost instinctive, to such a degree as to be almost instinctive, to such a degree as to be almost instinctive